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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

[At the Democratic Ratification Meeting in Cooper Institute last week the chief orator of the evening was Montgomery Blair. The portion of his speech of most interest to readers of the STANDARD, is given below.]

NEGRO SUFFRAGE, if it had no other effect than that of altering the State of a poll, and acting as a balance of power in the hands of one section of the country to cast the election against the will of the owners of the soil, the wealth and intelligence of the other section, would be intolerable; but it would bring in its train other incalculable evils, the worst of which would be the creation of a mixed, degraded cast of laborers, much more fatal to the peace of the Government than negro slavery during the first two centuries of its existence. In its first stage four millions of black freedmen as laborers in the field could not but give character to the whole class engaged in agriculture, to say nothing of the mechanical classes. Every white man in the field would find himself reduced in wages as in functions to the negro standard, and negro equality thus established would bring down all white operatives to their level; and thus reduced in their political importance and manual pursuits, every Anglo-Saxon who had enterprise and capacity for the effort would fly from the section in which his habitual pride of superiority and his instinctive prejudice of race were humbled. Those of the dispirited class of whites, incapable of effort from long indulgence and dependence on the servile institution, would sink beneath the negro, or at least become his fellow, until the whole demoralized class of white laborers, in common with the already adopted class of black hirelings in the South, would be the subjected victims of the moneyed and landed aristocracy of that region. This new feudal system of white and black and mixed serfdom would then be more than oppressive and degrading, because it would be that of hireling, menial service, not military, under lords paramount. The sturdy, independent laborers of the North and Europe, would be more thoroughly than hitherto deterred from emigration to the sunny South, where they find upstart landlords and moneyed capitalists, aided by closer-fisted and more lynx-eyed agents and overseers than the titled gentry of the old country or the cotton lords of the new ever employed to subdue the masses to bear the burdens of insatiate ambition and avarice. The exclusion of foreign labor would not be as hitherto, merely from reluctance to associate, even as superiors, with a sooty race of obnoxious habitudes and instincts and revolting odor—the result of the barbarian life of their African ancestry, and of subjugation in their own persons to brutal labor under the eye of an overseer; but it would be the necessity now of embracing as equals those whom they always consider inferior—of recognizing at once the law of amalgamation for those who would become the yoke-fellows of this hireling class—blended with them by the law in a common destiny—could not look beyond it to create the affinities of marriage. The result would be, that, as in St. Domingo, there would be a mixed race of better blood than the blacks constantly relapsing to them; for none can believe but that the higher order in the State would utterly abjure all connubial connection with either the negro or the adulterated generations. It is true, that like Frederick Douglass, men might arise swarthy rather than sooty, with Saxon contour—with long, smooth locks, once black, turned prematurely white as if to deny his origin. Yet, like him, all such would be compelled to resort to their colored relations for wives, for none but the most abandoned women of the white race marry with them. In a late speech to an association of blacks in Baltimore, made by Douglass—a speech of lofty eloquence I admit, and worthy of the great apostle of our time, the gifted Beecher, and transcending in power all previous efforts of his disciple—he points to the able men among the creoles of St. Domingo, who arose to assert the liberties and vindicate not their equality, but superiority over the French and Spanish races in that island by their extermination. There is much food for rumination in this pregnant suggestion, if we connect it with the plan proposed by Mr. Stevens, the leader of the majority in the House of Representatives, and by Mr. Sumner, who stands in a similar attitude in the Senate. I have no doubt the four millions of freedmen might, in time, work out for the South a catastrophe like that of St. Domingo, if governed on the plan proposed by Messrs. Sumner and Stevens, countenanced by Mr. Beecher. Mr. Greeley, in his paper the 4th of October last, gives a happy prospect for the freedmen: "The negroes are flocking to schools, tottling children, mothers with babes at their breast, workingmen after their their day's toil is over, aged patriarchs and white-headed grand dames, all may be seen pouring over their primers wherever the teachers of the Freedman's Aid Societies are stationed. They learn with wonderful rapidity," etc. All goes well with them. How is it with the poor whites, according to Mr. Greeley? He goes on: "Meanwhile neither the adult poor whites nor their children have any such propensities. Their stolid apathy not even the artillery of contending armies has dispelled. They are as lazy and listless, as inert and abject as ever. Their social position is that of serfs of the soil. Landless they squat on some rich man's estate and soon become his debtor, and keep out of jail by his mercy alone. Their large families soon make this serfdom perpetual. They are not so well fed nor so well dressed as the slaves; hence the poor whites and the negroes hate each other. The two classes correspond to the laboring and pauper classes elsewhere. The negro is the laborer." There is more of this in the *Tribune's* article, all meant to prove that the poor white is hopelessly depraved beneath the negro. I do not deny that the care of the master has saved the slave from many of the ills of poverty. Negro slavery has created three classes in the South: the master class, that constitutes the oligarchy; the dependent negro caste, which is provided and cared for by the master; and the poor whites, the outcasts, which the cheaper labor of the slaves has thrown off to dwell in hovels and live on patches, occasional jobs, hunting, fishing, gleanings, and even worse shifts, etc. It is evident, from the whole tenor of the Radical policy, that the negro constitutes the essential part of it, and is to be a massive weight in its politics. We have seen how the old master is to be disposed of. Negro equality, with the help of pains and penalties, is to deprive him of property, to expel him from the South, or reduce him to insignificance there by political disfranchisement, and the still more deeply felt social humiliation. The lower class of whites will then be easily subordinated to the negro and put in a condition of amalgamation with them, and so make one mongrel race of laborers to fall into rank and march into the cotton fields in the pay of Northern capitalists and manufacturers, and under the command of their managers. This system would in time bring it about that there would be in the South no Saxons but general Saxons, and the plantations would all become the plantations of a New England instead of a Southern oligarchy. It is for this end we are to have negro equality, negro suffrage, negro freedmen's associations, negro troops to take full possession of the country; while the rights of the white race in the constitution, in the soil, in all the improvements of property to which their civilization has given birth is to be surrendered, and they are to be crushed under the mountain of national debt, which will squeeze out the last penny of its means if not drawn out by prosecutions and confiscations.

If the negroes are ever to be free, equal and independent, they must have a place of refuge set off and secured to them by the common consent of all the States of the Union, of all the republics on the continent. Such a land of promise is now held out to them by the Liberal Government of Mexico. It beckons them to the rich region stretching round the Gulf of Mexico from the Rio Grande. Have we not a right to accept it for them, and unite with the struggling people and President of the Mexican republic in restoring it from foreign domination, and confirming to our freedmen population a home in a new land—in a climate congenial to their physical constitutions and their habits, and presenting in the productions of its soil everything which their agricultural skill is accustomed to rear in perfection, and will at once raise them above want to independence. In the region to which they are invited they would become a line of demarcation between the United States and Mexico, and along its maritime frontier a coast-guard against foreign invasion—under the wing of the Republic of Mexico on one side, under that of the United States on the other, and the freedom of the people guaranteed by both; all its political institutions built on the models of its neighbors and fostered by them, without intrusion from any, would certainly hold out a promise of a right of suffrage, securing an equality, and the opportunity of pursuing happiness in their own way, which they can never obtain in the bosom of the Southern States, filled with their old masters and a daring military race of white soldiers, reduced to poverty by their presence, and excited to an increased hostility to a race by a war waged for their deliverance, and the threat to make them rivals in the Government and in the sovereign right over the country which the white man claims as his own exclusively.

Selections.

THE "BENEFICENT WHIP" OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the Christian Watchman and Reflector.

IT has been the immemorial faith of South Carolina that the negroes will not work without the constant application of the Beneficent Whip to their inherently idle and Canaan-cursed backs. The suggestion to substitute Cash for Lash has been received with that scorn and contempt with which a truly chivalrous and high-minded people should be expected to treat all ideas that emanate from the mudsills and peddlars of New England. "Wages? No. Victuals and clothes," retorts Gov. Perry, and all the rebels say, "Amen?" They know, you know. Can't tell *them* nothin' about niggers. *You* don't know nary thing about them lazy niggers. You live down here long enough, and see if you don't see about them. Nigger allus will be nigger. Let 'em vote? Nary time. South Carolina *never* will consent to that. And so on, and so forth, in every variety of bad English, and worse economy, and still viler ethics.

Like all barbarous peoples, the South Carolinians believe in brutal punishments. No matter how far you travelled in this State, you never got beyond the sound of the crack of the whip; and you hear it still in every page of the statutes at large: Crack! crack! crack! Hang! hang! hang! Crack! crack! crack! The whipping-post, the gallows and the slave-pen were the truest emblems of the South Carolina civilization that is rapidly passing downward and away.

Let us take a glance at the offences of one class only—those relating to slavery, slaves and free persons of color; and count up how many of those crimes, real or Carolinian, were visited on the bare back of the transgressor.

First of all, an owner of a slave might whip him for any offence or none; it was only when the whipping ended in maiming or death that the laws took cognizance of it. Then, as slaves or free persons of color could give no evidence against a white man in any court, it was next to an impossibility to convict a criminal for any cruelties to blacks. As it has been often vaunted that the laws of the South do protect the slave, I will describe, in the words of Judge O'Neall, of this State, the extent and the worthlessness of this legal shield. "By the last clause of the 37th section of the Act of 1740," he writes, "it is provided that if any person shall wilfully cut out the tongue, put out the eye, or cruelly scald, burn, or deprive any slave of any limb, or member, or shall inflict any other cruel punishment, *other than by whipping, or beating, with a horsewhip, cowskin, switch or small stick, or by putting irons on, or confining and imprisoning such slaves*, every such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of £100 current money, equal to $61.23! This provision, it has been held, extends to any cruel beating of a slave." Sixty-one dollars and twenty-three cents is all the punishment that is inflicted in South Carolina for wilfully cutting out the tongue of a negro, and for other similar outrages on his person! $61.23! "To secure conviction under this part of the 37th section," continues the Judge, "and also where slaves were killed, it was provided in the 39th section, that if a slave suffered in life or limb, or was cruelly beaten or abused, where no white person was present—*or being present, shall neglect or refuse to give evidence*—in every such case the owner or person having the care and management of the slave, and in whose possession or power the slave shall be, shall be adjudged guilty, UNLESS he can make the contrary appear by good and sufficient evidence, *or shall by his own oath clear and exculpate himself!* This provision has been considered as applicable to trials under the Act of 1821, and a prisoner charged with the murder of a slave, has been allowed to exculpate himself! This," adds the Judge, "is the greatest temptation ever presented to perjury." It is indeed a premium on brutality.

But to return to the "Beneficent Whip." The Black Code of South Carolina decrees:

I. That any slaves in Charleston who, for their own use or profit, and without the written permission of their owners, "shall buy, sell, deal, traffic, barter, exchange or use commerce for any goods, wares, provisions, grain or victuals of any sort or kind whatsoever," shall forfeit them, (one-half to "the poor," one-half to the informer) and receive, "not exceeding"—*Twenty lashes.*

II. That any slaves who shall shoot or kill any fawn or buck, at certain seasons of the year, without the written authority of their owners, shall receive "on the bare back"—*Twenty lashes.*

III. That any slave who shall kill a doe without permission, between the 1st of March and 1st of September, shall receive, "on the bare back"—*Thirty-nine lashes.*

IV. That any slaves detected in fire-hunting, or who shall kill in the night-time any deer, horse or neat cattle, or stock of any kind, without the privilege or consent of the owner, shall receive, "on the bare back"—*Thirty-nine lashes.*

V. That any slave who shall brand any farm stock, without permission, shall be whipped "not exceeding"—*Fifty lashes.*

VI. That any free person of color or slave, who shall keep, use or employ a still or other vessel on his own account, for the distillation of spirituous liquors of any kind or description, shall forfeit his property to the Commissioners of the Poor, and be punished, "not exceeding"—*Fifty lashes.*

VII. That any free negro, mulatto, mestizo or slave, being a distiller, who shall sell or give spirituous liquors to a slave, except by permission of his owner, shall, if a bondman, receive—*Fifty lashes*; and if a free man, be fined fifty dollars, and in addition, get—*Fifty lashes.*

VIII. That any free person of color who shall teach a slave to read and write, shall, on conviction, be fined fifty dollars, and receive "not exceeding"—*Fifty lashes.*

"*Such laws,*" says a South Carolina slaveholder, "*look to me as rather cowardly. It seems to me as if we were afraid of our slaves!* Such a feeling is unworthy of a Carolina master!"

IX. That any slaves or free persons of color who may assemble with or without white persons, in a confined or secret place of meeting, or with gates or doors of such place of meeting barred or bolted, so as to prevent free ingress and egress to and from the same,—shall be dispersed by force if necessary; and, if in Charleston they may be delivered to the master of the Work House, who is required to receive them and inflict any such punishment as any two magistrates of the city may award, not exceeding—*Twenty lashes*; if in the country, they may be delivered to the nearest constable, who is to convey them to the nearest magistrate, and to inflict, under his order, "punisment not exceeding"—*Twenty lashes.*

(By this provision the white "Unionists" here may be enabled to break up our loyal Leagues and Masonic Lodges.)

X. That any religious meeting, "after nine o'clock at night or before, if the meeting be composed of a majority of negroes (although white persons may be present), may be dispersed by magistrates, sheriffs, militia officers and officers of the patrol, and the slaves, free negroes, mulattoes and mestizos, may be punished, "not exceeding"—*Twenty lashes.*

In a suit arising out of this act (Bell vs. Graham, 1 N. and McC. 278), it was held that these acts could not justify a patrol in intruding on a religious meeting in the day-time in an open meeting-house, where there were white people, although there might be a majority of negroes. But it justifies and authorizes such intrusions after dusk.

These are specified offences with specified punishments; these sections count the stripes and lay them on after a conviction; but there are numbers of misdemeanors which are punished "at the discretion of the court;" and there are others which the patrol or "any white person" is authorized to inflict summarily and on the spot. Thus:

XI. "Free negroes, mulattoes and mestizos," says Judge O'Neall, "cannot repel force by force; that is," he adds, "they cannot strike a white man, *who may strike any of them.* . . . As a general rule, I should say that whatever, in the opinion of a jury, would induce them as reasonable men, (1) to strike a free negro, *should in all cases be regarded as a legal justification in an indictment!*"

XII. Whenever more than seven slaves, unaccompanied by some white person, undertake to travel together any of the public roads, it shall be lawful for any white person to take them up and punish them, "not exceeding"—*Twenty stripes.*

XIII. "Masters, overseers or *other persons* have the power to apprehend and take up any slave found out of his or her master's or owner's plantation at any time, but more especially on Saturday night or other holidays, not being on lawful business, or not with a ticket from the master, or not having some white person in company, and even with a ticket, if armed with wooden swords or other mischievous and dangerous weapons, and to disarm such slave, and all such mentioned in this section—*to whip.*"

I quote this section, tortuous and awkward as it is, in order to show how absolutely the negro was placed in the white man's power—male or female, it mattered not; and I copy the next section, word for word, italics and all, just as it is printed, lest any one should suppose that I exaggerated or misunderstood it:

"If any slave be out of the house or plantation, where such slave resides, or without some white person in company, and should refuse to submit to and undergo the examination of any white person, it is lawful for such white person to pursue, apprehend and moderately correct such a slave, and if such slave shall assault and strike such white person, *such slave may be lawfully killed.*"

The patrol was a police or militia system which extended over the entire South, for the sole purpose of protecting slavery. My limits will not allow me to describe its organization; I can point out only how far its members were entrusted with the use of the "Beneficent Whip."

It was their duty to give *twenty lashes* to every negro found away from his master's house or plantation without a proper pass; to whip him or her, if provided with a pass, but found with a "dangerous weapon," also; "to correct by whipping," all slaves found in disorderly houses, vessels, or boats "suspected of" harboring or trading with negroes; to give "*twenty stripes* with a switch or cowhide," to all slaves found in unlawful assemblies—that is, in groups of more than seven; and to "treat as slaves" all free persons of color who might be "found out of their own houses, or the enclosure of their employer, not having a regular ticket from their guardian!"

The whipping in Charleston was done at the Work House, of whose horrors—rivalling the mysteries of the Bastile—a volume might be written.

But, possibly, some gentle-minded reader may say these laws were practicably obsolete? Hear Judge O'Neall's reply, in a document submitted to the Legislature, and published by the order of the Governor: "The whippings, he says, "inflicted by the sentence of courts trying slaves and free negroes are most enormous, utterly disproportioned to offences." And again: "The tribunal for the trial of slaves and free negroes is the worst system which could be devised. . . . The passions and prejudices of the neighborhood, arising from a recent offence, enter into the trial and *often* lead to the condemnation of the innocent."

Why do I rake up these legal atrocities from among the ashes of a dead institution? Not to gratify curiosity; not to incite hate; not to "renew sectional agitation." But to tell you that the Evil Spirit which made these laws, and wielded these whips, is not dead, but sleepeth only. It is as satanic as ever it was, as full of hatred as ever it was to our only true friends in all this State—these negroes whom it whipped at will. For Jesus' sake, then—for the sake of these, his little ones, whom your silence may again subject to all the horrors that you have now shuddered at, and others worse, nameless and innumerable,—I implore you to plead and to act for them, nay (if need be), to threaten for them, so potently, so universally, that no party and no administration shall dare to thrust them aside, or to count them but as dust in the balance of power in the reorganization of the South. Give them a vote, and the whip swings no more in South Carolina; but leave them ballotless, and a new reign of terror will begin, which nothing but a war of races can bring to a close.

July 24, 1865. JAMES REDPATH.

WHAT HAS THE NATION DONE FOR THE NEGRO?

From the Green Mountain Freeman.

The nation has done so much for the negro, and at such a cost, that it does not feel called upon just now to do much more.—*N. Y. Times.*

WE suppose, if the writer of the above sentence had found the man who fell among thieves, he would have contented himself with standing on the other side and warning the thieves off, or might possibly have caused their arrest. But he would most certainly not have become himself the good Samaritan who poured oil and wine into the wounds of the victim of cruelty, and brought him on his way. There is a certain kind of philanthropy in the world which gets tired very early in its efforts, and frequently comforts itself with the reflection that it has done enough for humanity, and that "it does not feel called upon just now to do much more." It is a stingy kind of philanthropy, if, indeed, it deserves the name of philanthropy at all. It never seeks opportunities of doing good, but only does what it feels obliged to do. It is not spontaneous and hearty, but contracted and selfish. If it gives, or is just, it is because of importunity, and because it can not decently get rid of it, and not because it is earnestly at work for the good of the race.

But miserable and mean as the sentiment of the above paragraph is, its meanness is intensified by its misrepresentations. What has the nation done for the negro, that it should so complacently contemplate its work, and "not feel called upon just now to do much more?" It has suffered the negro to be enslaved for nearly ninety years, and while boasting that this was the land of freedom and equal rights, it has suffered its national capital to be disgraced during all that time by the auction blocks and slave pens of the barbarous institution. For nearly ninety years it never by any national act recognized the freedom of the negro, nor even admitted his manhood. For nearly ninety years the greed of gain and the shackles of commerce have bound the nation and made it the servant of slavery. At last justice would no longer slumber, and the people declared that slavery should cease to rule the Republic. The slaveholders in their madness rose in rebellion. Yet for more than two years of bloody, and to us disastrous war, the Government refused liberty to the negro. At length the fierce judgments, which seemed to be visited upon us for our crime, led the nation to do a simple act of justice, which we dared not delay longer. To save ourselves, to turn away the anger of a just God from us, to draw to our side the sympathies of humanity all over the world, to weaken the rebel cause, and to aid our own arms and advance our own flag, we determined to free the slaves. Yet, in that terrible moment, we hesitated and held back from this work with an infatuation almost as blind and wicked as that which influenced Pharoah. It was not to save the negro, it wasn't on his account at all, that we emancipated him, but it was because we felt that *our* only way of escape was through *his* freedom; and when we at first held up before the black loyalist the hope of freedom, we at the same moment told his white rebel master that if he laid down his arms in a hundred days he should have his slaves again. What credit should we have for this? If the writer in the *Times* should be held with his head under water by a white man, until he would acknowledge the humanity of a negro, and afterwards should ask the negro to help him in getting upon firm land, what kind of a figure would he present strutting about and gazing condescendingly upon his negro, and saying "I have done so much for you, Sambo, I don't feel called upon just now to do much more?" And yet he puts the nation in precisely that wretched attitude, and is doing what he can to induce the people to be guilty of the meanly ungenerous, unjust and unrighteous abandonment of the negro now, on the ground that it does not feel like exerting itself any longer in behalf of freedom. It is some consolation, however, to reflect that God works, although man refuses to do justice; and that there are millions of men who believe that injustice is never either right or expedient, and that while it finds advocates in high places, it is no time for the friends of humanity and equal and exact justice to remit a single effort for its overthrow.

THE RECONSTRUCTION CONFLICT IN MISSISSIPPI.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

THE irrepressible conflict is raging with its ancient vigor in Mississippi. It is well known that under the slavery code negroes had no legal redress. With the abolition of slavery it was necessary to provide some system of legal protection for the freedmen, until the State laws should be modified. Therefore, the administration of justice in cases where the rights of the blacks were involued, was retained temporarily in the hands of the military authority, which administered to them the laws in force in the locality relating to white persons, and received their testimony on the same rules. In Mississippi Provisional Gov. Sharkey made an arrangement with the military authority to transfer with the administration of justice in the case of the freedmen to the civil tribunals, under the same laws that govern the whites, in order to provide for the entire withdrawal of the United States military from the State.

The legal ground on which he made this agreement was that the new Constitution abolishing slavery abolished all laws based upon that relation, and brought the blacks under the laws made for free men. The object for which he made the agreement was to relieve the State from the United States military supervision, which was a wise purpose if it was safe, and which at least all the disloyal element was anxious for. We have no doubt that his legal opinion of the force of the new Constitution is correct, nor that any code which deprives free men of the equal protection of law is in conflict with the Constitution of the United States. Nor do we suppose that any man who desires to have justice administered to the negroes requires any other laws for them than are provided for the whites.

But a fierce opposition was raised to this arrangement, and the State elections then pending were made to hinge upon it, and the result is claimed by the opposite journals to be an overwhelming defeat of those who supported Gov. Sharkey's policy, and it is stated that on account of it Gov. Sharkey will be defeated for United States Senator. Gen. Humphreys, the Governor elect, was a rebel officer of the class excepted from the Executive amnesty, and his running under such circumstances was a plain defiance of it, but it is stated that the President has forwarded him a pardon since the election. He was the candidate of the unconditional rebels, and it appears probable that his election was decided by this renewal of the slavery conflict.

The result makes it necessary to meet the question whether any conditions shall be insisted upon in the reconstruction of Mississippi. The emancipation of Slavery by the State Convention, while the slave code is preserved and enforced, is merely a disturbance of the relation without any progress toward freedom. Upon the issue, as presented by Gov. Sharkey's arrangement, Mississippi has elected that the military rule shall continue, rather than she will consent to give the freedmen the protection of the same laws as the whites. But it is evident that the opposition think there will be no end to President Johnson's concessions to them, and that they have only to insist on what they call their rights, and he will stand by them. This impression has had a mischievous effect on the election, and it threatened to undo all the rebel submission. A removal of the delusion would have *a beneficial effect in checking the rebounding* rebel spirit in Mississippi, and in tranquilizing the State.

The hostility to the admission of the testimony of black persons in the courts, and to the administration of justice to them by the same laws that govern the whites, is the most barbarous and senseless form of oppression. When a wrong or a crime is done, all the testimony that can throw any light upon it is needed to do justice in the case and for the general protection of society. To this end, women and children, and even persons of feeble intellect, are brought in to testify. The law does not pronounce all equally credible, but it brings in witnesses, leaving their credibility to be tried in each case. The laws excluding colored witnesses were enacted to deprive the blacks of any defense against the interests and passions of the white race.

There is no kind of crime that prevails in civilized or semi-barbarous society, that is not rife in the free States. All these are given a license upon the blacks by virtue of the negro code. And for this they deprive the whites of legal protection against crimes which the blacks are the only witnesses. A ruffian may rob, violate and murder an unprotected white family in the presence of the colored servants, and walk abroad with impunity. Slave society opposes the legal protection of the chastity and the marriage and parental relations of the blacks, as one of the features of that which it calls "negro equality." It demands that the superior condition of the whites shall be maintained by legal license to lust and violence upon the blacks. This is an essential feature of the system of caste oppression.

The Government of the United States cannot without dishonor leave the blacks in the freed States without the protection of law, and subject to the barbarous slave codes. And the duty and honor of the Government correspond with the true interests of Southern society. They cannot give license to the vices and crimes of the whites among the blacks without the general demoralization of society. They cannot foster this barbarous spirit toward the blacks without creating a hostility of races that will make society and property insecure. They cannot degrade and brutalize a portion of their people without debasing all classes. The degradation of any class of society makes all insecure. It has been argued by the savage philosophers of the South that the unlimited license for the lust of the whites among the blacks, gave an indulgence that tended to protect the chastity of white women. If it were so, would it be justifiable to protect the virtue of white women by giving up the black women to the passions of the white men? But does not every intelligent man know that this licentiousness has not even this poor compensation, but that on the contrary the vices of slave society lower the general standard of morality?

The legal penalties for crimes committed by the whites are sufficient for the blacks. The white should really have the greater punishment, for he has had better opportunities, and has not been subject to crime himself. The rules for the admission of the evidence of the whites will be sufficient for the blacks. The whites are not all credible witnesses by any means, and the obligation of an oath has yet to be made sacred in any class in the South. And we shall not object to any vagrant laws or apprenticeship laws, or laws prescribing a standard of intelligence and morality for the exercise of any civil rights by the blacks, that are for all persons without distinction of color. No other enactments will be legal, and no caste legislation should be accepted by the United States in the reconstruction of these rebel States.

EXIT BLAIR.—Rowland Hill once said to a conceited minister who had preached in his pulpit and was fishing for a compliment on his effort: "There was one passage I very much admired." "Ah, which was that?" "Your passage," said Mr. Hill, "from the pulpit to the door." So we think that the passage of Montgomery Blair out of the Republican party is incomparably the best he has achieved since Mr. Lincoln passed him out of his Cabinet. It was high time for him to go; everybody saw that some time since, and now Mr. Blair, feeling that he has about exhausted his powers of mischief within the party, sees it himself. We wish the New York Democracy joy of his accession. If they can stand Blair's crotchety advice and John Van Buren's prophecies, they may consider themselves past killing in the present generation.

Mr. Blair's initiation speech, last Wednesday evening, was eminently worthy of himself, being confused, quarrelsome, and narrow-minded. He defined himself as "a Democrat of the Jefferson-Jackson type—a Republican of the Lincoln-Johnson stamp." As to the latter part, it is enough to say that Mr. Lincoln got rid of the Blair "stamp" as quickly as he conveniently could, and President Johnson, in spite of the most persistent pressure, has "let it alone most severely"—and "that's what's the matter." He went in for an immediate war with Mexico, and belabored the negroes as if he was afraid of being eclipsed by them. His audience seemed to get tired of his speech, for they began clamoring for John Van Buren long before it was finished. But they have won the elephant, and they must make the best of him.—*Boston Journal.*

NEGRO WITNESSES.

From the Chicago Republican.

THE proclamation of Gov. Sharkey respecting the admissibility of negro testimony is a long step in the right direction, and goes a great way towards nullifying the infamous ordinances of the Mississippi convention. The Freedmen's Bureau offered to transfer to the civil authorities of the State the right to try all cases in which the interests of freedmen were concerned, on condition that negroes should be allowed the same rights and privileges that are accorded to white men before the courts; "by which I understand," says the governor, "that negroes shall be allowed to testify in cases where their interest is involved."

The Jackson *News* is furious at what it calls "this first advance against the rights and liberties of the white man." What are the rights and liberties endangered by admitting negroes to the witness stand? Does the *News* mean the time-honored right of white men to "wallop their own niggers" without interference? To cheat them out of their labor? to kill them now and then, or score them in their live flesh, like pork? Does it mean the "right" of the white man to swear to anything he chooses against a negro, and the denial to the negro the simple privilege of telling his own story? So far from being an infraction of anybody's just privileges, it seems to us that Gov. Sharkey's proclamation stops short of full justice. "The rights and privileges that are accorded to white men before the courts" include the right to testify not only in cases touching their own interests, but in all cases whatsoever. There is no more reason for excluding the testimony of a black witness in suits between white men than for rejecting the testimony of a white man in suits between negroes. The negroes have indeed acquired by this proclamation the right to sue and be sued, and protection in their persons and property, if there is any honesty in Mississippi juries; but until they have more than this they will not have been elevated to the status which naturally belongs to them as reasonable human beings.

THE REBEL METHODIST CONFERENCE.

From the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig.

WE call attention to the list of appointments recently made by the rebel Holston Conference, held at Marion, Va. We have more admiration for their courage than we have for their judgment. They have even appointed their preachers to all the towns and circuits in East Tennessee. They have even appointed to towns and counties where the entire membership have gone over to the loyal Church of the North. They may find a few rebel sympathizers who have not seen the inside of a church since the rebellion commenced, who will attend service and take a deep interest in Church matters. With souls panting, no doubt, for spiritual comfort and refreshment, these lovers of Southern religion will groan around the altars of these pious divines!

Most of these preachers have served the rebel cause either as chaplains, as spies and informers, or as speech-makers, urging the young men of the country into the rebel army, and have been among those blatant, noisy rebels, whose business—not to say "high calling"—has been to reconcile treason, murder and robbery with religion and the fruits of piety. They spread themselves over a large scope of country when they come into East Tennessee where the people are loyal citizens, friends of the Federal Government, and are thorougly disgusted with the treason and hypocrisy of these men, whose course they have watched, and whose injurious influence they have felt and deplored. But these preachers return among the Methodist families whose hospitalities they had enjoyed, and while enjoying them gave the rebel authorities information which led to the arrest, inprisonment, conscription or death, to certain male members of those families. They have had the foresight so shift their preachers, in some cases, from their former fields of wicked operations to new fields of labor. It all won't do. The loyal Methodists will not hear them, and if they do, the *returned Union soldiers* will not, if indeed they will permit them to remain in the country.

DISLOYALTY IN THE KENTUCKY CHURCH.—The contest between the loyal and the disloyal elements in the Presbyterian Church, in Kentucky, says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has at last come to that stage when a separation seems inevitable. The immediate cause of this was a declaration adopted by the Presbytery of Louisville, condemning the loyal utterances of the General Assembly. Upon the meeting of Synod, which is now in session at Louisville, this action was brought up by Dr. Breckinridge, who moved that the members of the Louisville Presbytery be excluded from the Synod. Finally the matter was placed on record, to come up regularly, and an organization was effected by the election of Dr. Breck, as Moderator. The question was then called up and discussed yesterday afternoon. Dr. Breckinridge charged that the declaration of the disloyalists is heretical, schismatical, contemptuous, defiant and in open rebellion to the Presbyterian Church, and that either he (Dr. B.) or the authors of that document must go out of the Synod. Among the leaders on the rebel side are S. R. Wilson, formerly of this city; a Mr. Davies, who figured in the Fifth Church here as a pious rebel sympathizer of the Stuart Robinson school, and Dr. McPheeters who was expelled from St. Louis by the military authorities. The contest will be fierce, we may be sure, and it is apprehended that the disloyal party will sustain the action of the Louisville Presbytery. This would carry the matter up to the General Assembly which meets in St. Louis next May. In any event a division in the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky seems inevitable. We have a special reporter at Louisville, who will keep the readers of the *Gazette* advised of the progress of this interesting contest. We print this morning full dispatches from him.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.—President Johnson's speech to the colored troops, which we gave yesterday, is conceived in the spirit of catholicity, in the fullest, broadest and widest signification of the term. It is a noble declaration of the creed and principles of progress, liberalism and philanthropy. The nomination of Presidential candidates four years ahead always seemed ridiculous to us, but after reading the speech of the President, we prayed more earnestly than ever that God would spare the life of Andrew Johnson till the next election.

[The above is from the Tennessee *Press and Times*. The same paper contains also the recent speech of Senator Wilson in Yonkers in this State, in which he also endorses unequivocally the President's plan of reconstruction, with the loyal colored population still under the iron heel of their former tyrants.]

THE September reports to the Freedmen's Bureau show a continually decreasing number of those receiving rations from the Government. There are more than 34,000 freedmen in the district comprising Washington, Alexandria, etc., out of which number only 864 sick and destitute were fed at Government expense. Many of these are wives and children of colored soldiers killed or disabled in the service of the country. In the Department of Tennessee and Kentucky there were 979 persons subsisted by the Bureau Sept. 20; at present there are none. As the incapacity of the colored race to take care of itself is perfectly well known, we presume the 979 are all dead.—*Tribune.*

ABOUT "MARRYING NIGGERS."—The Louisville *Journal* has a correct estimate of the special anxiety of certain politicians to be protected from "nigger equality." That paper says the "anti-amendment people seem terribly apprehensive that unless restrained by the Constitution they will inevitably marry niggers. We have heard of the fellow, who, getting into a quarrel cried out to those around him, 'Hold him, gentlemen, or I shall strike him.' Each anti-amendment man, seems calling aloud in a similar spirit, 'Hold me, dear Constitution, or I shall marry a nigger, as sure as you are born.' But we propose that the Constitution stand off and see fair play."

THE PERIL OF THE HOUR.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, October 15, 1865.

Is this really the political capital of America? It cannot be. I see nothing here of the brains and the moral culture of New England. Nothing of the great power and humanity of the great West and of New York.

Nothing of the intelligence and sagacity of New York city. Nothing of the cautious thoughtfulness of Pennsylvania. No, this cannot be the political capital of America. The men I see about here represent sections of the country inferior in all that constitutes the glory of free-state civilization, and most of them still clinging to the barbarisms from which the war attempted to rescue them.

They are haggard-looking men from the ex-rebel States, with a sinister sprinkling of the border States, intermingled perfidiously with the incorrigible F. F. V.'s, of Washington, Delaware and Maryland. And these cadaverous beings are again striving for political power. The dead and dying endeavor to rule over the living. If this were the only phenomenon at Washington, it might only serve as a text for a tragedy or point a moral to the saying of the ruling passion prevailing even to the bitter end.

But these ghostly survivors of a defunct oligarchy find magnanimity in high and connivance in low places; and, what is the worst of it, Boston, Worcester, Providence, Portland, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and New York are *not* here, while Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, Wilmington, Richmond, and New Orleans *are* here. *Et les absents ont toujours tort*, (those who are absent are always in the wrong), as the French proverb says.

To be sure Congress meets soon, and people say there will be a change then. Some go so far as to assert that twenty millions of freemen will then be able to silence by arguments, as lately by guns, the uproar of hypocritical traitors, and of sycophantic copperheads.

Is this not a rather arrogant prediction? Is Bennett dead? Is Marble dead? Are the Belmonts and Woods dead? Are the millions of reluctant supporters of the war dead? Is not sham-democracy as rampant as ever? Are not copperheads more abundant? Are there not lawyers in the Senate and in the House who look rather to the letter than to the spirit of institutions? Are there not Congressmen, who represent rather the brute force of money and the material resources of industry, than the statesmanlike and intellectual discipline of great principles, and the moral power of human and elevating ideas?

Don't I see here a thousand bad faces lit up with diabolical joy at coming triumphs? Don't I remember that from 1854 to 1860—nay, even in 1861—free-state people made light of the "writing on the wall" at Washington, boastful of their latent influence, forgetful of the active, immediate devilry of their enemies? I don't see that the war has changed the feelings of these enemies. Nor does it seem to have increased the vigilance of the free States. If it *had*, they would make themselves heard here *en masse*, protesting in words of thunder against this miserable trifling with a nation's fearful sacrifices and most sacred hopes.

NO THANKS TO GOD.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE eleventh day of the session of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church closed last evening, after another scene that will be read as reported with sorrow and indignation in every patriotic circle. The former action in tabling the moderate resolution of Mr. Binney was repeated, when another attempt was made by the same gentleman to secure a favorable vote upon a similar proposition. A great national body of Christians, called together for the holiest of purposes, and after a great war against the most unholy of rebellions, is thus made to sit with closed lips, silent and deaf, when even the lately armed and now utterly-defeated rebels are penetrated with an overwhelming sense of their offences, and penitently admit that the hand of God is visible in the triumph of freedom and the destruction of slavery! This is not only a sad—it is a shameless exhibition. We do not desire to deal in denunciation when we say that it would discredit the cheapest of party caucusses. The resolution of Mr. Binney is almost timid in its terms. Was it a lie? Nobody insinuates that. Did it not enunciate, and in silken sentences, the sacred truth? Even Jefferson Davis would say yes to such a question. But the General Convention of the Episcopal Church deliberately and three times refuses to endorse this truth; which is to say that it fears to speak a word of thanks to God lest it may give offence to erring man! Did the delegates to this convention seriously expect to avoid the religious and moral duty growing out of the closing of the war? If they did, they should have stayed at home. Better a thousand times they had never come, or that this convention had never been held, than that they, or any Christian ministers or layman, should hesitate to thank God for His ineffable mercy and aid in our late troubles, and especially for the removal of the cause of these troubles. But their conduct cannot harm the cause of the Union. That, happily is as far above their cowardice, or their hypocrisy even if they were *not* the meek and holy men they claim to be. The American Republic will be a tower of light to the nations, and a harb

soon present their Representatives and Senators for admission to Congress.

Suppose them admitted. What becomes the question of parties? Will it not be virtually the old one in a new form? No longer will it be slavery and anti-slavery, but equal rights on one side and the refusal of them on the other. Whatever the propriety or justice of such agitation, the fact which now vitally concerns us is that such agitation is inevitable. To this simple naked fact we entreat the attention of all reflecting men.

Looking at the growth of the free-labor population, the strength of the strictly Democratic sentiment in the popular masses, and the moral and political tendencies of the age, let any one ask himself, what chance has the equal rights platform for success? It must be remembered that the denial of those rights goes much further than the exclusion from suffrage. It goes to a refusal of equality in courts of justice. What chance for ultimate success with the people has the demand for such equality? Even if this demand were not intrinsically just—and as surely as God reigns it is—still it is most plausible, and powerfully appeals to that instinct of "fair play" which will make itself heard in every human breast. Do popular movements (if the verbal paradox may be allowed us) ever stand still? To us it is more probable that the negro will be rechattelized than that the people of the country will consent to his being held in a condition of formal emancipation, yet actual servitude. The sun of his freedom must either set or rise.

If reconstruction without equal rights be acquiesced in, the acquiescence will sooner or later change to condemnation. Meanwhile the South will have regained all her lost energies, and acquired even additional strength for fresh conflict.

Will she at length peacefully yield to the equality of rights shall threaten in the National Government that predominance which freedom gained some five years ago? It would be impossible to group too strongly the multitude of facts that loudly give a negative answer to his question. If true, the best might be hoped for. But we are bound to accept the light of experience.

The sole course of safety is to insist upon a right settlement while now we are settling. Every one knows, whatever he may persuade himself to think he believes, that the color of the skin cannot effect the rights or deserts of the man. Equal human rights must win. No State which remits the late bondman to a condition of peonage, warranteeism, or any other modification of caste in civil rights, should be allowed a representation in Congress. That representation should be conditioned upon making the negro in law and in fact a freedman. The right to demand this is simply that right of self-defence and self-preservation which justified us in the war and the emancipation proclamation, and which is the questionless right of every individual and nation.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

THE STANDARD Subscribers to whom bills are sent, will confer a favor by remitting the amounts due at their earliest convenience.

BEECHER'S BACKSLIDING.

THEODORE PARKER once said of Henry Ward Beecher that he never could stand up straight unless he had something as big as Plymouth Church to prop him. If Theodore Parker had lived to this day, he would have found that the prop had gone down under the weight put on it, and that Plymouth Church is no longer able to supply its pastor with a backbone. Mr. Beecher's lack of positive convictions has shown itself again and again during the war, and always with disastrous effect. He was slower than Mr. Lincoln. He was three months behind the country in coming up to Emancipation. When the radical opinion of the country in the Summer of '64 was demanding a Radical successor to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Beecher was the thick and thin apologist for the President's worst failings and faults. When the Radicals began to agitate for the Constitutional Amendment, Mr. Beecher thought it unwise to risk a division of the North on that issue. When it had become certain the Amendment would pass, he gave in his adhesion. Now that Equal Suffrage holds the same relation to politics that the Amendment held last year, Mr. Beecher is equally opposed to making that a party question, or a Government measure. His abilities, his great name, his influential position, his reputation in some quarters for Radicalism, and his supposed fidelity to the anti-slavery cause have in every case made his defection more damaging than that of almost any other Republican politician. So it is at this moment. The recent somerset of Mr. Montgomery Blair attracted little attention, for Mr. Blair neither has any principle nor pretends to have any. But when Mr. Beecher takes a plunge, we have to watch curiously for indications how long he will stay under, and what he will bring with him when he comes to the surface.

We regard his sermon last Sunday as one of the most effective blows ever dealt at the anti-slavery cause. At a moment when the disloyal Democracy are taking possession of the President, when the policy of the Government is undoing the beneficial work of four years of war, when the South is finding allies all over the North, when four millions of half emancipated negroes are in peril of re-enslavement, Mr. Beecher steps forward to support the President, to applaud his destructive policy, to disarm the North, and to deny to the negro everything but a sympathy that does him no good. Therefore it is that the true value of such a man's anti-slavery professions requires to be stated; and we are compelled to describe Mr. Beecher as he is, and not as the careless fancy of an admiring public paints him. Let him be known as a cautious, and even timid man, accustomed to keep well in the rear of advanced opinions, a weathercock rather than a polar star—so shall the force of his blow be lessened. It is the men who have the reputation of being Radicals and are not Radicals, who do us the most harm. We have no wish to speak of Mr. Beecher kindly, but we speak of him plainly rather than see the cause of the negro suffer at the hands of one who is betraying it.

The speech was avowedly made to counteract the recent radicalism of a journal with which Mr. Beecher's name is popularly, though mistakenly, connected. He comes forward to give the President and the President's policy an unqualified indorsement. The Administration organ in New York, the *Times*, and the organ of secession, the *News*, are the two papers selected to put this harangue before the public. They both applaud it eagerly. The *Times* prints it with display heads and double-leaded type, and says, "we do not know that wiser or more fitly spoken words have been uttered." The *News* eulogizes it as "a splendid illustration of the purest sentiments of the heart and the brightest faculties of the intellect. The sagacity of the statesman and the humanity of the Christian are blended in its provident and magnanimous counsels!" Ben. Wood, the gambler, the paid tool of the rebellion, the eulogist of Henry Ward Beecher!

Much the larger portion of the speech might have been delivered at the late Democratic ratification meeting in Cooper Institute, and would have elicited applause from Rynders and John Van Buren, from the followers of Fernando Wood, and the "friends" of Horatio Seymour. Of the President Mr. Beecher says, "Thus far I cannot lay my hand upon an act which does not seem apt, fitting, and most wise." The Democratic Convention at Albany said substantially the same thing. Does not that agreement of opinion alarm Mr. Beecher or lead him to distrust himself and the President? Not in the least. It stirs him with pleasure. "The extraordinary unanimity in the nation in respect to the President is most gratifying. * * What most fills my heart with gratitude, and is my unqualified marvel and thanksgiving, is the complete conversion of our enemies who opposed him at the date of the election with such virulence and spite!" That there has been a "conversion" we agree; but the change has not been among the Democrats. The smallest amount of familiarity with politics and practical knowledge of politicians would have saved Mr. Beecher from such an exhibition of simplicity. We really do not know anybody else who is, or who affects to be, ignorant that the Democrats approve Andrew Johnson's policy just so far as it tends to reconstruct the Union as it was; to keep the negro a serf; and to re-cement the alliance between the Northern and Southern Democracy, and so resume control of the Government. The Democracy have not come to the President; the President has gone over to the Democracy. That Mr. Beecher should propose to bear him company does not in the least affect the character of the transaction—only threatens to make its consequences the more injurious to the country.

Mr. Beecher's association with the Democracy is, however, so recent that we are a little surprised to note the readiness with which he adopts the tone and language of the Tammany orators. He no longer recognizes the negro as forming any part of the people of the South. The South which we are to conciliate and reconstruct is the *white* South. "There are two great questions," says Mr. Beecher; "first, the admission of the Southern States; *second, the granting of the rights of the black man.*" That is to say, the white South is first to be admitted and restored to authority over the blacks, after which we may find leisure to consider the rights of the black man which we shall have already bartered away. Mr. Beecher says, indeed, that the States should grant equal rights before the law, and even suffrage to the freedmen; and we have no doubt he honestly desires they should. But his desires or opinions on that head are of no possible account, because he accepts and approves the plan of the President, which does not require suffrage or equal rights as a condition precedent to the admission of the States. It is useless to say he desires in theory what he avows himself ready to relinquish in fact.

Mr. Beecher has taken the trouble to write to a daily journal that one sentence in the *Times* was incorrectly reported—the following, to wit: "The laws and intents of the Government and of ourselves will prove of no avail if they are hostile and unpleasant to the WHITE men of the South!" What he did say he omits to state, but no matter. The same idea reappears at least four times in the speech, the idea that the whites are the people of the South, rightfully in possession of the Government, from which the blacks are rightfully excluded. We have quoted above one of the instances. Another is, "I think he believes that all measures for the relief of the *blacks* must have the cordial support and countenance of the *South.*" Again, "if President Johnson is waiting for the adoption of these plans *by the people of the South,* he is acting with characteristic prudence and sagacity." Of course, only the *white* "people of the South" have anything to do with adopting or rejecting the President's plan. And unless Mr. Beecher is ready to say the whole report is the work of a forger, he must accept the responsibility of these reiterated statements, and he goes upon record as denying the immortal maxim of the Declaration, that governments derive their just authority from the consent of the governed.

MR. STEARNS' LETTER.

WE have read attentively Mr. Stearns' report of his conversation with President Johnson, but we can find nothing in it that modifies our opinion of the President's policy. Mr. Stearns is mistaken in supposing his letter will inspire the North with confidence in Andrew Johnson's Administration. Were it far more favorable than it is, still a private conversation could not outweigh public acts, and the President would have to stand or fall on the record which he makes for himself by his official utterances.

The conversation scarcely demands a criticism in detail, but we will take one or two instances.

The President says, in substance, "The South must have time to understand their new position; you cannot expect them to accept Equal Suffrage at once." We oppose to his opinion the statement of a very notorious rebel, a Virginian, a journalist, undoubtedly well acquainted with Southern sentiment. He said: "If the President had imposed negro suffrage on the Southern States as a condition precedent to their admission, at any time during two months after Lee's surrender, *it would have been accepted without a murmur.*" We all know that is true. But the President would not. By his policy, and by his coquetting with the Democratic party, he has built up a party in the South strong enough to make terms for the States, and to put the negro again under the heel of a tyrannical aristocracy.

It is dishonest in Mr. Johnson to say that if he interfered with the vote in the rebel States he might do the same in Pennsylvania. It is not merely dishonest, it is insulting. Is loyal Pennsylvania to be compared with rebellious North Carolina? The President has appointed a Provisional Governor for North Carolina. Dare he attempt to put a Provisional Governor over Pennsylvania? But the same right which he had to nominate Mr. Holden, he had to say who should elect Mr. Holden's successor.

Mr. Johnson says he would favor negro suffrage in Tennessee. Almost in the next sentence he says the negro would vote with his old master. Are we to infer Mr. Johnson wants the old master restored to power in Tennessee? He adds that universal suffrage would create a war of races. As negro suffrage must result in universal suffrage, are we to infer the President approves a war of races? What *are* we to infer? As commonly happens when a man tries to talk *round* a subject, he ends by running against himself.

Mr. Stearns referred to the alliance between the President and the Democracy, and Mr. Johnson turned the conversation by a laugh.

We can tell Mr. Stearns something he will not laugh at—that the President refused pointblank to lend his name or his influence in any way to carry Pennsylvania for the Republicans. Elected by the Republicans, he would not allow it to be understood he desired his own party should succeed at the polls. Let Mr. Stearns go to the leading Republican politicians of that State, and he will hear nothing but curses of Andrew Johnson for his treachery. "We carried the State without him; we can keep it without him"—that is the sort of talk which the President's tortuous policy induces his friends to indulge in. Our authority for it is a United States Senator, whose name is at Mr. Stearns' service.

It is the same thing in New York. The President was invited, we are assured, to attend the Republican meeting at Cooper Institute last week. He would not even answer the note of invitation. He does not want the Republicans to carry New York. The Republican leaders in New York know he does not. The men who are stamping the State know he does not. They mean to carry it in spite of him, and there is good reason to hope they will then demand that the President shall renew his allegiance to the principles of the party, or allow the party to renounce its allegiance to him.

And we assure Mr. Stearns that the Radicals mean to *smash* the reconstruction policy of the President, and believe they can do it if their friends and the true friends of the negro will stand by them.

THE President sent to Gov. Holden of North Carolina the following dispatch, relating to the recognition of the rebel War Debt:

WASHINGTON CITY, October 18, 1865.

W. W. Holden, Provisional Governor: Every dollar of the State debt created to aid the rebellion against the United States should be repudiated finally and forever. The great mass of the people should not be taxed to pay a debt to aid in carrying on a rebellion which they, in fact, left to themselves, were opposed to. Let those who have given their means for the obligations of the State look to that power they tried to establish in violation of law, Constitution, and the will of the people. They must meet their fate. It is their misfortune, and cannot be recognized by the people of any State professing themselves loyal to the Government of the United States and in the Union. I repeat that the loyal people of North Carolina should be exonerated from the payment of every dollar of indebtedness created to aid in carrying on the rebellion. I trust and hope that the people of North Carolina will wash their hands of everything that partakes in the slightest degree of the rebellion, which has been so recently crushed by the strong arm of the Government, in carrying out the obligations imposed by the Constitution of the Union.

ANDREW JOHNSON,
President of the United States.

Very good, we all agree to that—so did the North Carolina Convention. The debt was promptly repudiated.

Now suppose the President had telegraphed that same Convention they must adopt Equal Suffrage as a condition precedent to admission? Had he not the same power? Would not the Convention have been compelled to adopt it? What an absurdity to say the President had power to dictate the repudiation of a debt, and not dictate suffrage. The pretence of want of *power* to give the negro the ballot is a manifestly dishonest one and deceives nobody. It is want of *will* that stands in the way.

A QUESTION.—The New York *Tribune* says the merchants of North Carolina say that:

"For the development of our material prosperity three things are wanted—capital, labor, security. The land, the mines, the mill seats, the climate, are here with us. To invite capital and labor, a settled state of affairs is necessary. While a doubt hangs over the future of the South; while the sword of Damocles is suspended over *any of her people,* or her property, *or her interests,* capital which is always sensitive, will shun her borders, and labor will be without inducement to come to her fields or her workshops."

True as gospel, every word! adds the *Tribune.* New Yorkers all, heed this appeal; and by your votes at the polls help the South to rid herself of her doubts and fears, and to get security, quiet, and certainty, *by enfranchising her vast body of laborers.*

But how will "Republican votes at the polls," enfranchise Southern laborers, when both the great parties alike set their heel on them? The Democrats charge upon the Republicans *as a crime,* that they do propose this act of justice and right. The Republicans indignantly repel the charge as a foul slander. They support the President's policy of letting the slaveholders dispose of their laborers as they deem best, after the Union is restored. The President and both the parties talk about "*giving suffrage first to the colored soldiers.*" But when will the South voluntarily make voters of those who were their slaves, and then their conquerors? "New Yorkers all," and every body else beware of such subterfuges! The hail shall sweep away the refuges of lies, Republican and Democratic alike.

A TRUE PROPHECY.—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, "The South comes back into the Union with the principles on which she went out; and, having no other men and no other ideas, the same men must be at the helm of State, and must regulate their conduct by the same ideas. Nor is it true that they have parted with the *chattel principle.*" This is Democratic authority of the very best, and yet both political parties, and every journal loyal to those parties, insist on the President's plan of reconstruction, to the peril of the Constitutional Amendment, which alone can save not merely the black man's right to vote, but his return again to the horrors of the "*chattel principle.*" Verily the ghosts of the old Federal and Whig parties are crying from Hades to their own begotten, the Republican party, "Oh, Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou also falling, *to become like unto us!*"

A PURE GEM.—Gratz Brown in a recent speech in St. Louis well and truly says: "An equal freedom is the only refuge from an antecedent slavery; universal suffrage the only remedy for disasters that follow from subordinating and disfranchising a race and incorporating it in a free community. And be sure that the condition of the South is such as will demand the most Radical reform, enforced with the most unyielding firmness. Indeed, I know of no language that may fitly characterize the low estate to which it has been brought by its boasted institution, unless it be that which Mr. Bancroft has so graphically applied to the decline of the Roman people: "Slavery had destroyed the democracy, had destroyed the aristocracy, had destroyed the empire, and at last left its traces deeply furrowed on the face of nature itself."

CONSCIENTIOUS VOTING.—The question to be decided by every voter at the coming State elections between his own conscience and the Democratic candidates who solicit his suffrage is simply this: "Shall I help restore to political power the men who, throughout the terrible struggle of the nation to preserve its life, sided with its enemies in the field, and gave them aid and comfort in every possible way short of the personal peril of enlisting in the rebel army and firing upon the Union troops?" That's the whole issue in a nut-shell. Can a conscientious or a prudent voter hesitate one moment in regard to the right decision of this question?—*Tribune.*

Perhaps not.—But "can a conscientious or a prudent voter," O *Tribune,* any more consistently support a party and administration that used the slaves to save themselves, and in so doing kindled the rage of their old masters against them, hotter than the furnace of the King of Babylon and now leave the slaves as completely in the power of those masters as they were before, by restoring the Union on the basis of white suffrage and citizenship—the Constitutional amendment not secured, and the Dred Scott Decision unrevoked—at least in the heart of most of the South, if not of the North also?

THE moral of modern elections is seen in the result in Pennsylvania and the probable result in New York. No principle is involved. No question of national honor or advancement, or social economy—nothing but a mere vulgar scramble for office. The Republicans seem to believe that, having got into power, and possessed themselves of nice, snug, cosy offices, it only remains for them to lie in a condition of sluggish ecstacy, drawing monthly salaries to the end of time. In vain, gentlemen! When politicians live the lives of oysters, they must expect to be lost in the sands. The law of life is progress. Agitation is salvation. When men lie down before the tide, they are soon lost in its flow.

NOTWITHSTANDING the apathy and opposition of Andrew Johnson, the cowardly praise of Seward, and the direct antagonism of Mr. McCulloch, there are hopes of seeing New Jersey vote for the Constitutional amendment. That is the only issue of consequence in this sadly tardy State; but the Republicans believe that the news from the Jerseys will be as cheerful in this time of anxiety, as in the dark days of the Revolution.

THE alarm sounded by Mr. Phillips in reference to a conspiracy on the part of the officers of Congress to admit the Southern delegations, was not premature. The Administration papers are arguing in favor of Mr. McPherson assuming this revolutionary prerogative as a duty!

As the Democrats never bought many of the Government securities, of course their leaders can have no scruples about repudiation. Mr. John Van Buren opens his guns from this new battery. We shall next have Horatio Seymour insisting upon the payment of the rebel debt. Shall we have Andrew Johnson assenting?

A COPPERHEAD was recently heard to suggest that he did not know which of the recently-converted B's was of the most advantage to his party—B. of Maryland or B. of Brooklyn. It makes little difference, we think.

ELEGANT.—The following is an item of the *World's* Washington correspondence:

"*Negroes after the President.*—A delegation of colored clergymen will attempt to bore the President to-morrow, and insist on his making a speech to them.

NEW MUSIC.—Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, has sent to our table—The Martyr of Liberty, in Memory of President Lincoln; Give me Honest Friends and True; Too Late to Marry; and A Maiden for Sale—issued in his usual elegant style.

"THE SOUTH VICTORIOUS."

THE SPEECH OF

WENDELL PHILLIPS

At the opening of the Fraternity Course of Lectures in Boston. Delivered at Music Hall, Tuesday Evening, Oct. 17.

[The following report is in the main from the N. Y. *World,* and has had the advantage of only a half hour's revision by Mr. Phillips.]

THE hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The platform was occupied by Ex-Governor Boutwell, Hon. Anson Burlingame, Minister to China; Hon. A. H. Rice, Mayor Lincoln, Judge Russell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. J. M. Manning, and many other prominent Republicans, accompanied by ladies. Mr. Phillips said:

MR. PRESIDENT: I thank you for the honor you do me in allowing me to open this eighth course of your lectures, devoted as they have always been not to mere amusement, not even to literature, but to the great vital issues of the hour—aiming to instruct and rouse an audience to their civil and social duties—and, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission shall use the hour allowed me to look at the present stage of the conflict through which the nation is passing.

I think thus far and to-day in that conflict the South is victorious. (Deep silence.) In order that we may compare opinions on that point, allow me to carry you a few years back. You all remember—it has been quoted often enough from this platform—the remarkable speech of Mr. Seward, at Rochester, to which we gave the name of the "Irrepressible Conflict speech,"—not that it originated the phrase, but because it gave currency to it—and deservedly, for I think it was the first intelligent effort of any politician to state in detail and to give the reasons of the inevitable conflict between the North and the South. He commences the speech with a description of the two systems. "This country is a theatre," he says, "which exhibits in full operation two radically different systems, the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor, the other on the basis of voluntary labor of free men. The laborer who was enslaved was of African derivation, but this is accidental. The principle of the system is that labor in every society, by whomsoever performed is necessarily unintellectual, grovelling, and base, and that the laborer equally for his own good and for the welfare of the State ought to be enslaved." He goes on to develop the reason for this conflict, stating that it owes its existence not to the spasmodic efforts of a few individuals, but to the inevitable nature of things; that our fathers not only foresaw it but planned for it in the great organization of 1789; that the systems are not only incongruous, but it is impossible that they can exist permanently together. You remember that when in 1861, the Congress at Montgomery aked the Hon. L. W. Spratt to address them and announce their views, he said:

"*The contest is not between the North and the South as geographical sections, for between such sections merely, there can be no contest; nor between the people of the North and the people of the South, for our relations have been pleasant,* and on neutral grounds there is still nothing to estrange us." * * * "But the real contest lies between *the two forms of society* which have become established, the one at the North and the other at the South." * * "Society is essentially different from government." * * "And within this Government, two societies had become developed, as variant in structure and distinct in form as any two beings in animated nature." * * "The one is bound together by the two great social relations of husband and wife, and parent and child; the other by the three relations of husband and wife, and parent and child, and master and slave. The one embodies in its political structure the principle that equality is the right of man; the other that it is the right of equals only. The one embodying the principle that equality is the right of man, expands upon the horizontal plane of a pure democracy; the other embodying the principle that it is not the right of man, but of equals only, has taken to itself the rounded form of a social aristocracy." * * * * "In the one, therefore, the reins of government come from the heels, in the other, from the head of the society. In the one it is guided by the worst, in the other by the best intelligence." * * * * "In the one, the pauper laborer has the power to rise, and appropriate by law the goods protected by the State—when pressure comes, as come it *must,* there will be the motive to exert it—and thus the ship of State turns bottom upwards. In the other, there is no pauper labor with the power of rising; the ship of State has *the ballast of a disfranchised class.*"

Mr. Stephens, the just released Vice-President, in his last speech deriding the mistake of Jefferson, congratulates the new government that it is founded on the idea of the subordination of the races. This was the idea of the South. The North proclaimed the Declaration of Independence. The North said, "My idea is that every child born under my sky shall have as fair a chance as any other to develop nature and enjoy life"—and if my working friends help us gallantly, the time will come when we shall touch the goal of that endeavor, and every child born has not only as fair a chance, but an equal chance with every other, to develop his own nature and enjoy the blessing of God. At the close of the eighteenth century, despotism, driven to the necessity of proving its usefulness and preserving its cause, announced by the lips of Napoleon the maxim, "Everything for the people, and nothing by the people." Our fathers shouted back across the Atlantic the idea of American civilization, "Everything for the people, everything by the people." With these two antagonistic ideas the Republic started. As long as the South preserved the political helm in her own hand she was conservative, her system was safe. The far-seeing eye of Calhoun discovered the advancing change, and when the South felt the ballot slipping from under her feet she appealed to the slender chance of the bayonet. That was the year 1861. Thank God, in that appeal she was defeated, driven from the battle-field. We have now to contemplate the new attitude of the two combatants, what the South had lost and what the North had gained; how did their powers balance the one against the other? In order to answer that question, it was important to ask, "How did the South rebel?" Mr. Webster has pointed out in his great reply to Hayne, as tersely and as eloquently as any American had done, that principle of Southern life, the peculiar system of labor, isolated within the circle of those States, binding them into unity on all political questions as the basis of what is called "the South," Behind that the South had another principle, which was "the indestructible sacredness of the individual State sovereignty." When Lee sheathed his sword it was at the bidding of Virginia, which had a voice more potent than that of the Federal Government. There was a third principle, which was the accepted dogma of the South, that the two races could never live together as equals. The negro may be a laborer, but he never can exist with the white man on the plane of equality. In order to content him on the plane of equality on which he ought to be contented naturally, if it were really natural law, the South must illogically deduce an argument that he must be kept disfranchised and ignorant because he could not be trusted with equality. State sovereignty for the pedestal, and the negro slave ignorant in order that he might be contented—the poor white, necessarily ignorant, from the universal principle that you cannot degrade labor and at the same time keep the laboring classes intelligent. The South, standing on the pedestal of State rights, ruled the country by negroes and poor whites in one hand, and, as John Randolph said, by white slaves in the other—the Democratic party of the North. Caste, social aristocracy, mailed in State rights, fired that gun at Sumter, and inaugurated the rebellion. Caste, mailed in State rights, with the three-fold whip of the slave, the poor white, and the Northern slave, ruled the Federal Union. With the idea of the impossibility of the two races on the plane of equality, the South started in 1861. Sherman has swept around the gulf; Grant has pushed Lee down to Petersburg. What of it? Where stands the South to-day? And where stands the North? How much has the South sacrificed? What one principle has she disowned? What one element of strength has she parted with in political affairs? State rights are untouched. From the President at Washington to the last rebel convention that has ever assembled, no word has ever been uttered against the indestructible nature of State sovereignty. There is no crime in the decalogue of either national or international law that can cripple the indestructible sovereignty of the States. That is the normal line that runs through every act and every address of President Johnson. With one or two exceptions, no Southern State has ventured to call the secession ordinance a nullity. The act which they did, they repealed. They assert its validity by the very act of repealing it. They come into the Union as they went out of the Union, an aristocracy. No one single act of the return is submitted to the people. No one single act of the secession was submitted to the people. The same oligarchy that broke up the Union condescended to reënter it, with the same steps, with the same usage, under the flag of the same principle. The negro—perhaps—not certainly—perhaps they have parted with the chattel principle, with the idea that the negro may be sold on the auction block. There are favorable auguries that that may be possible. Not yet achieved, not even insisted upon, by no means a certainty; but, putting that aside, education, labor, property, marriage, locomotion, citizenship, suffrage, every single point that determines the condition of the man, the State—the sacred, indestructible, unapproachable State—still keeps folded in her bosom, denying, with the full consent of the Federal Government, that they have any right to touch it. The negro, if he is a wanderer, says the State of Mississippi, we sell him for the benefit of the treasury of the State. Whether he may be married, whether he may work, whether he may be educated, whether he may move from place to place, whether he may own land, whether he may lay up money, whether he is to be a citizen, whether he is to sit on a jury, whether he is to be a witness in his own case, whether he can go to the polls, whether he can have any rights or any protection, remains in the sealed purpose of the oligarchy of the South. State rights, subordination of labor, the impracticability of the two races living equally together—the principles upon which the South went out—upon these principles she returns. Not one single rebel State convention has even uttered a doubtful note on any one of these points. The same men, with the same theories, and with the same elements of government, are to put their hands on the helm of state. Now, wherein and to what extent has the Southern idea of civilization been crippled? Four thousand millions of dollars, half a million of lives, four years of war; and yet the North does not claim, and the South does not confess, one single change in the relations of the past, unless, in the future, that single element of chattelism shall be taken out of the political column. How much is that?

One of the ablest of the Senate Board in Washington, Mr. Gratz Brown, in a recent speech on this subject in Missouri, himself an inhabitant of a slave State, and until within a couple of years a colonizationist, hating the negro with all the natural hatred of a slave-State white man, at the commencement of his speech on suffrage, undertakes to describe slavery, and, singularly enough, in the whole catalogue he does not mention the element of chattelism. Slavery, says he, is the denial of the right to labor where the laborer pleases—slavery is the denial of education; it is the denial of citizenship; it is the denial of family rights—and in the long, elaborate, and detailed analysis of slavery, this witness for all his life of the existence of the system has not thought it necessary to include the idea of chattelism. He goes on to say, with consummate logic: "Look down into the Southern States to-day, and what is the difference in the actual condition of the colored man?" He says the order-book of General Banks at New Orleans is only another name for the slave code of the plantation. Humphreys, of Alabama, in endeavoring to induce that State to return into the Union two years ago, says: "Gentlemen, our safest place is in the Union. Granted that the technical idea of chattel slavery is dead, if you please, our old Democratic allies will give us back that race in the condition of enforced laborers; and it does not much matter in what style we have them, if we merely have them under our control."

I am necessarily dwelling upon this point. If I thought your patience would bear it, I should read you still more largely from Southern testimony; because this is the turning point in the consideration of the present state of affairs. I wish I could open to your inspection every Southern convention from Alabama all round the gulf. Mr. Langdon says: "Gentlemen, we must hurry, by some means, back into the Union; the times are critical; we cannot bear the Freedmen's Bureau; it must be dispensed with. We must have the negro in our hands." And in every lengthened debate, throughout every speech and move for Unionism, the idea appears to be the necessity of getting covered with law in order to assert the white supremacy over labor. Well, now, you will tell me that this is an exaggerated view; that no matter what the South plans, the helm is not yet in her hands; that we don't go south of what was once the slave line to inquire or to guess the future policy of the Union.

Well, I will come north of it. I will go anywhere you please. If you please, we will go to Washington. We will place ourselves on the portico of the White House. We will listen to the official explanation of the present state of public affairs. We will take the speeches of the President himself, the closest witness we can get to what will be the probable future of the policy of the country.

I find him surrounded by a delegation from South Carolina, almost every name of them familiar to us for the last four years, in defiant, unmistakable, unequivocal opposition to the Union. They are sheltering themselves under his wing. They are thanking him for his protection. They are drawing the line between him and the North. They say to him: "Sir, we look upon you as our protection from the harsh spirit of Congress and the Northern States." What is the answer of the President? Does he say: "I have no voice, but the voice of the law?" Does he say: "Gentlemen, you listened to me in the cannon shots at Petersburg. You might have heard my voice in the last echo of the cannon that Grant fired before Lee surrendered?" Does he say: "Gentlemen, the North has fought her battle and won it, and I stand as its representative?" (Applause.) Oh! no, he accepts the compliment. He defers to the insinuation. He ranges himself with the Southern half converted rebels. He makes himself three-fourths rebel in order that they may be one-fourth Union. (Loud and continued applause.) And this is the mouth-piece of the North! This is the official voice of the nation! By what right do traitors, trembling for their status, hide themselves in the garments of the United States? By what right do they presume that there lingers in the bosom of our chief an intention to balk the purpose of the North, which he has followed through four years of battle, and gained at last? Ladies and gentlemen, I do not say this because I am discouraged. I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln could balk the country, nor Andrew Johnson betray as much as the anti-slavery purpose of the North has achieved since 1861. (Applause.) I have no lack of faith in the future of America. But I am not discussing the future of America; I am discussing this hour and its dangers.

Well, I turn from an interview with Southerners, and I find the President advancing to his portico to *look down* on aregiment of colored men, scarred with a dozen battles, the relict of their banners hardly distinguishable. They stand before him. With what words does the President of the United States receive them? Every one of these men had given his right hand, and gone into battle, his life in his hand for the nation.

Now, I am not seeking to blame the President. To me he is only a counter. I am seeking to find its meaning. I want to know how much he weighs. I want to know the bias of his mind. He is not a dead man. I am not obliged to glean, as we are two centuries back, the scanty relics of his sayings and doings and make out his character. Government is not a golden circle of midnight conspirators. It acts in the broad day, twelve hours in the day, and the President talks every day. There is no difficulty in finding what he wants, nor what he plans. I do not wish to go behind the curtain. There used to be a maxim: "*Prætor non curat de minimis.*" "The prætor does not care for trifles." They go to a lower court. Well, I send down to a lower court the stories about the President's conversations. If one man tells me that he said to Gov. Fletcher, "This is a white man's country, and (with an oath I need not repeat) as long as I live it shall be a white man's government," I do not care. If another man tells me that he said to him, "I dread the New England Radicals as much as I do the South Carolina Disunionists," no matter for that. If he sends down, as he has to-day, and gives back to Joe Davis, on the banks of the Mississippi, his own plantation, and that of his brother, Jefferson Davis, I do not care. Go ask for a sight of the letter that communicates the fact of what is called the Presidential clemency in that particular. But those are for a lower court.

For one I arraign the President of the United States. I know him by his actions; I read him by his speeches. Having quitted the company of traitors, he goes into that of the scarred and veteran negro soldiers. He says: "Liberty—may I not call you my countrymen?" Did he say to Gov. Aiken and Yulee—did he say to the South Carolina traitors: "May I venture to call you countrymen?" No, they were Southern white men. He was glad to grant them all the courtesies and facilities natural to the occasion. But to the colored men he says: "May I not call you my countrymen?" Is there a New Englander that would have stood and looked in the faces of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth and asked liberty to call them his countrymen? (Loud applause.) Out of what soil grew that doubt, whether it was quite the thing to call a black man countryman? Why, out of the latter part of that very speech—which says to these men who have cemented thirty-six States with their blood, "Whether Providence means that it shall be permissible in the nature of things for you to stay here. I do not know. (Laughter.) It is a great question. We did not consider it nor settle it when we asked you to fight for the country, but now the fighting is over, allow me to suggest to you the great natural laws about which we know so little, on the question whether or not it will be quite possible for your race to remain here in harmonious contiguity to the white race, which I represent." (Laughter.) Impracticability of white man and black man dwelling together as equals—the old poison which loaded the cannon at Sumter, which all the smoke of the gunpowder of four years has not exorcised from the soul of the President of the United States! Well, he then goes on to define liberty.

Mark you, I wish you not to infer one single element of blame in what I am saying. I was born in New England—thank God for it, but it is no merit of mine; and if Johnson was bred in slavery let him mourn in secret that it was so. It was not his fault, but it may largely incapacitate him for taking the lead in this great battle betwixt the ideas of the North and the ideas of the South. But what I am endeavoring in my chemistry to-night is to find out whether his soul has been cleansed in these dread scenes of rebellion, out of what seemed to be the inevitable weaknesses of the slave-bred white man.

He undertakes to define liberty to the black man, and what is it? I would not insist upon it if it was the first definition he has made. I stood on this platform, I think, last May, and commented on a speech of the President in which he made the same definition, and I said I shall not criticise it; it may be an ill-considered, extemporaneous speech, or not well reported, a one-sided statement which he has not deliberated; but here is the deliberate thrice-repeated statement of the same man. What is liberty? Said he:

"My friends, understand what liberty is. The United States has struck down slavery in a dread struggle. You are free. Do you want to know what that means? It means liberty to work—liberty to work and enjoy what you work for all through."

I venture to say that in the hundred definitions of liberty for the last two hundred years, from Grotius down to Lieber, there is not so unworthy a definition of what liberty means as that uttered by the President of the United States to the men that had won it with their swords in his behalf. (Applause.) Throughout this whole speech he defines liberty by its duties. There is not one single passing allusion in the whole speech to the rights of freemen. Not one. He says: "You are married; you must take the penalties of marriage." (Laughter.) Well, I don't know exactly what he means, but he says you are free and freedom means to work; and he says you are free and must take the penalties of freedom. He don't grant them even in idea one of the rights. Throughout this whole speech he three times undertakes to tell them what liberty means—liberty to the black man—it is liberty to work. Now, every student of this subject knows the history of the word liberty. In Asia liberty means non-slavery. That is, you were the property of another; you now work for yourself. That is the crystalized, stereotyped, rotten conservatism of Asia. Come a thousand miles westward. Napoleon describes liberty as everything for the people—nothing by the people. That is liberty under despotic institutions. Everything for them; no civil rights, but every imaginable benefit that government can secure you. But Lieber, and Spencer, and every enlightened man bred in the English school laughs at such a definition. Time was when government was weak, and the feudal robber in his castle was strong; and the effort then was to strengthen the government and curb the robber. That is the history of the middle ages; but since Protestantism scattered the clouds of Europe, government is strong and the individual is weak; and the tendency of our civilization is to build up bulwarks—develop and give to each the means of protecting his own individuality against government. Liberty, therefore, in every modern idea, is a man possessed of all his natural rights, and endowed with civil rights to protect his natural ones. (Great applause.) That is liberty; that is the white man's inevitable idea of liberty; and when we welcomed the black man to liberty we welcomed him to the common law, Anglican, civilized, Christian, nineteenth century idea of liberty. (Applause.) The President of the United States looks into the faces of the soldiers of the Republic—men, every one of them entitled, far before others it would seem, to have the liberty of the costliest mint, of the most exact coinage—and the only thing he can find for him is the liberty to work!

But I do not blame him. Bred in Tennessee, he did not believe in the negro; he hates chains and hates black men, equally Yankees (laughter), and it cannot but crop out. He is an honest man, and speaks his mind. No man can speak honestly, and act, but he betrays himself. That is why I watch the President, his actions and his words. I want to know him, what he plans, what he means literally to do.

Well then, he goes on in this speech and says, "Work, work hard; be very industrious; be very economical; stick to your families; reverence your wives;—(Laughter)—teach them to be chaste; be chaste yourselves; remember the great duty resting upon you; perform the great husband and wifely duties." (Loud laughter, followed by applause.) Oh! that is no subject of merriment. That speech—a hundred years hence the historian will hold it in his hand as a marvellous exhibition of what America could set at the head of her political forces to lead her in this great hour. (Sensation.)

Here is a race in the midst of us so attached to home that all the dread torture of slavery itself could never wean them from the love of their birth-place. The heaviest burden that humanity ever knew crushed them; beyond lay the twilight of escape, and they were so chained to birthplace that out of millions only a score or two attempted to escape; and yet this Government, when it unriveted their chains, appointed a Freedmen's Bureau, with admirable wisdom imagining that it was necessary to prevent them from becoming vagrants. Here was a race so attached to kindred that I have seen them, and so have you, plunge back into the hell of slavery to clutch a loved child or wife whom they had left behind; you have seen them besiege the doors of Northern cities for the means to do it; I have known them invest twenty years of toil in beg

white man; and you charge them to naturalize in the South that rare exotic, chastity.

Heaven grant that no Jerrold, Swift, nor Rabelais, with his immortal pen, hold up that speech to the indignation and scorn of the world! I know that he is President of the United States, but my clients are four millions of negroes who have never failed in their duty, and deserve no such insults as that. (Tremendous applause).

But, you say to me, you mistake the President. This is only an experiment of his. An experiment?—Well, I'm not going to judge him myself. If it is an experiment, why do all the journals argue for it as the best thing possible? If it is an experiment why do half the Republican conventions indorse as wise the experiment of the President? The New Bedford *Journal* says the division in the Episcopal Church was not owing to any enmity, but to a mistaken interpretation of the workings of Providence. (Laughter.) Well now, I know one thing, Republican Conventions make no mistakes in interpretations of the workings of the White House. Never. If I want to know what the White House means I go to the *Evening Post*, to the New York *Tribune*, to the Republican Convention, to the great body of the senators. They understand the policy that is necessary. What do they say?

Why, you all know that in regard to the civil rights of the black race we have finally drifted to this idea: grant them a single central citizenship and the suffrage, and from that will grow out every other right. With that they can protect themselves and secure every other. What do the Republican conventions say on suffrage? What do the leading senators say on suffrage? What do the Republican journals say on suffrage? Why they say it is the negro's right. They say it would be disgraceful to deprive him of it. They say it is necessary for the safety of the country. Do they claim it? No. Having said so much they say, "Great is Andy Johnson! (Laughter.) Immaculate are the plans of the President! (Continued laughter.) Unmistakable is the sagacity of the White House! He may rely upon our support and co-operation."

The *Evening Post*, the very cap-sheaf of Republican journals, says: "Andy Johnson is a Democrat after our model. We can trust him." What is he doing? According to the *Evening Post*, suffrage is the indispensable right of the black man, and the President means to leave it to the Southern oligarchy to confer it when they come back to the Union. Rightful, indispensable, the nation dead without it; and yet you are to trust to the Southerner who tells you beforehand he don't believe in it, who announces that he scouts it, who declares in every convention that it is absurd. The *Evening Post* says: Mr. Sumner says this is necessary to be secured before the States come back. How idle! Why, they say, give us an amendment of the Constitution; give us the anti-slavery amendment of the Constitution and we are quite sure the Southern white men will do all the rest. Now, the *Evening Post* knows to-day that in 1850 when there was ample, unmistakable constitutional provision for free speech and free printing in every State in the Union, that the *Evening Post* itself, a moderate, careful, judicious Democratic sheet, could not have been published south of Mason's and Dixon's line without a mob. It knows to-day that no constitutional provision would have protected the life of William C. Bryant himself, writing what he did, calm, judicious, moderate as it was, in the city of Charleston. And yet it has the face to say, "Give us a parchment provision that the black man ought to have his rights, and all will be right." Do you believe it? Do you believe the *Evening Post* believes it? No.

But men may say this is an experiment. Don't you see the President feeling about for facts? Is he? Oh yes, he is. He said to Chief-Justice Chase: "Go down and get me the facts; skirt the Gulf and get me the testimony." The chief-justice started. I watched him. He lands at Charleston, he anchors in Savannah, he touches at Mobile. Why do I see him not returning to Washington, but, like a member of Congress in search of mileage, going round by the way of the White Hills? (Laughter.) Why does he never go near Washington for four months? Well, the President says to John Covode, of Pennsylvania, "Go down and bring me the facts." Covode goes to New Orleans. We hear of him at St. Louis. We hear of him at Chicago; but the facts are very heavy. He never carries them to Washington. And the President summons General Schurz and says, "Go down and report to me the result." The General starts; he goes to South Carolina; he covers Georgia; he passes through Mississippi; we hear of him in New Orleans—and last Friday he spent all the afternoon in the ante-chamber of the President, and could not get a hearing!

There was an old king once in the many days ago, who said to a prophet, "Come, curse me, Jacob; come, defy Israel!" And the sage looked out upon the broad landscape and said, "How goodly are thy tents, oh Jacob! and thy tabernacle, oh! Israel. Surely there can be no enchantment against Jacob, and no divination against Israel! Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed be he that curseth thee!" And the king was wroth, and folded his hands together and said to the prophet: "Behold, I called thee to curse mine enemies, and lo! thou hast blessed them althogether. I thought to promote thee to great honor. Get thee home!" The prophet's name was not Chase, nor Covode, nor Schurz; but the history will do for them. (Great laughter and applause.)

No, gentlemen, the President's plan has none of the marks of an experiment. When the Roman general burnt his boats, he did not mean his landing to be an experiment; he meant to live or die by it. Mr. Johnson has burnt his boats—he has mustered out the army which alone would have enabled him to treat the South in any way but just that in which he is now treating it. When a general intends his invasion to be an experiment he keeps fast hold on his base of operations—Grant did. But when Sherman plunged into the Confederacy he intended, neck or nothing, to conquer or die. Accordingly he broke away from his base, determined that his *plan should be Victory*. So stands President Johnson to-day. He has withdrawn his army, allowed the South to marshal hers, and is no longer able, whoever wishes it, to hold her by arms if his civil policy fails. Such action is not an experiment and no thoughtful man could mean it as such.

But you say to me, as Mr. Sumner told the convention at Worcester: "There is a power yet under whose shelter we may take refuge; and that is the Congress." Well, now, gentlemen, Mr. Sumner says we can trust Congress. Who made Congress? William Penn was travelling once in the commonwealth of Pennsylvania with a Quaker friend, and a justice of the peace insulted him. The Governor paying no attention, this self-important officer turned to the Friend and said: "Knowest thou who I am? A justice of the peace!" The Friend replied to him, "My friend, here, manufactures such things as thee." (Laughter.) Well, now, we know who manufactures Congress—the people, the Republican party. But, the Republican party has spoken; we have heard its views; it has not dared to utter the word suffrage; it has not dared to deny the President's plan. There has not been a single Republican convention that has not indorsed the President. Why, the Republican party does not exist. There is a spectre walking through the country in its shroud, but there is no such party; it has not existed since the Baltimore Convention, when it was buried in the will of Abraham Lincoln. I deny the existence of any political force entitled to the name of the Republican party.

The official paper in Paris in 1852, when Napoleon took it as his organ, in its introductory editorial, said, "In approaching government we have still opinions." the Republican party cannot say that; go where you please, it has no opinions.

Men say that members of the Cabinet believe in suffrage. Show me one member of the Cabinet who can prove to any man's belief that he ever uttered one word to the President since the 14th day of April in favor of suffrage. Show me a member of the cabinet that ever went out to the people to utter a word in favor of suffrage or has endeavored to smooth the path of the President toward the adoption of such a plan, and I will then grant that we have men in the Cabinet, who although approaching government, still have opinions. But Mr. A. will tell you here, and Mr. B. will tell you there, and Mr. C. in another place, that this member thinks that, and t'other member thinks that, but no lisp—no whisper, either in private or public—I assert what I know—has been heard from the members of the Cabinet representing the very highest aristocracy of the Republican party—has been heard from them in favor of a plan which they confess holds in it the salvation of the country. No. The dodge is "It is necessary, it is right, it is indispensable—trust not to the South." Every party convention that meets discusses, has long debates, avoids the question, and praises the President. There is no Republican party.

Do you expect that the stream will rise higher than the fountain? Do you expect that the men who tremble for the result of elections are going up there with these signs behind them and throwing themselves like modern Curtii into the gulf which the necessity of the hour creates? When did politicians ever do it? When did they make bricks without straw?

But at the door of the House of Representatives stands McPherson—he has the right to make up his list and introduce eighty-four Southern delegates without a question. But he says he won't—it would be infamous—he says there would be a law against it. But the *National Intelligencer*, which is the organ of the Government, says that law does not bind Congress. What another Congress did, this Congress need not notice. They cannot bind their successors. Congress has the sovereign right to judge for itself whether these men are competent to enter. Suppose on the 3d day of December the Republican party with such teachings go into caucus, Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin—or he may not be there—not elected, but some man like him—the Doolittles are not extinct—some gentleman says to him, "Why, the President looks upon his as an experiment." "An experiment! Why, I have jumped from the ledge! I am in for it. I have been through my own State arguing this thing as the best thing possible. I heard from Mr. Secretary Seward that God never put into any man's brain a thing so excellent. I am in for it. It is not an experiment. I am here on that basis. The President must not quit it. I must not be made a fool of." For all that, sixty to forty vote that it is dangerous to quarrel—that there is danger of a schism—that there is danger of the Democrats looking into the door. McPherson must admit them. Of course that gentleman will say: "It is against my opinion, it is illegal, it is infamous; but as you say so—as a party man, as the servant of the organization—if you say so sixty to forty, I must let them in." (Laughter.) Would it not be so? Suppose, as my excellent friend behind me, the representative from Groton (Gov. Boutwell) believes, they are not admitted—suppose the door is shut and stamped "McPherson"—name immortal forever if he does it! Congress assembles; Louisiana knocks at the door—What shall you do with her! You know the man who sends up great balloons puts up a little one first to see how the current runs.

There is a vagrant Mountebank disguised in stolen opinions, laden with the curses of every loyal man in Louisiana, whom Massachusetts thinks to send inside that Congress. Suppose Louisiana knocks at the door—better than he is by a hundred per cent—the President says: "Gentlemen, what do you mean to do about it? There is Louisiana, there is Mississippi, they have organizations, they have their own militia, they are all ready to move. According to the advice of General Grant, I put the army on a peace footing. We have no soldiers. Do you intend to raise another army of two hundred thousand men to subjugate Mississippi and control Louisiana?" Some gentleman says—some distinguished Massachusetts representative says—these States shall be held under military control until they are fit to come in. Banks rises and asks the War Department whether they have the means of holding them in military control, and Stanton sends back word: "Very sorry to say that the troops have all been mustered out. If you wish to hold States under military control, you must call for a hundred thousand volunteers." (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, it is not an experiment. The President has put a bayonet in front of every Southern claim, he has spiked every Northern cannon, he has mustered out almost every black man and a large proportion of the whites. It is not an experiment; it is a fortification.

Massachusetts meets at Worcester, and discusses an abstract right. What was needed was to face a palpable enemy. Andy Johnson may not be a traitor, but he is an enemy. Men say, How soon is the evil coming? Coming? Coming? Why, the slave power is all organized—like Neptune's serpents in the legend of Laocoon, they have girded the Republican party and crushed the life out of it already. (Applause.)

In 1864 the Republican party looked Abraham Lincoln in the face backed by the border States, and quailed. To-day the Republican party looks Andy Johnson in the face with the organized rebel States behind him and it has quailed. There is not anything left. Trust not Congress. When water runs up hill, they will break from the President. Why, here are men sitting on this platform who supported Abraham Lincoln in 1864, who said to me: "You risk too much in opposing him and breaking the Republican party." How much have they gained? They kept the fleet together which I was in danger of dispersing. They kept it a unit and to day it hangs over the edge of Niagara—the whole fleet going over. They kept it in a unit and put Tennessee into the citadel. They kept it a unit, sacrificed it a unit. They say to-day: "Wait, the President does not mean what he says, the Congress will defend us."

Gentlemen—I blush to say it—Henry Wilson went up to the President and said: "Do you mean to persecute me?" "Oh, no! I don't mean to persecute you." "Do you mean to put the Republicans out of office?" "Oh, no! provided you only discuss and let me act, I am not going to do anything to you." And so the senator from Massachusetts goes down to Philadelphia and says: "Don't doubt the President. He is only acting. He leaves us the liberty of talking." "Let me act," says the President, "and you black man, you have liberty to work; and you white man, have the liberty to talk." (Laughter.) And the Republican leader says: "Don't distrust the President. Don't be in a hurry. Don't divide the party, Wait." Every step of the President is a fortification—he puts his foot down and plants an institution. Every moment carries up to Heaven's chancery the record of a war forever closed. The President will say to Congress: "Gentlemen, here I am, the nation behind me at peace. What do you mean to do?" Why, they never resisted yet; the people have defeated the executive—Congress never.

The people checkmated Sherman when he surrendered to Johnston—the people can checkmate Andy Johnson when he surrenders to Davis. (Tremendous and continued applause.) And unless the people do it, it won't be done. Let Congress assemble, and there are six chances out of seven that the hands of eighty-four Southerners will be placed upon the helm of Government. If they are not, Congress will merely register the edict of one man, to whom hitherto they have surrendered the Government.

Mr. Johnson's coming message may talk eloquently of negro suffrage and dwell on his private opinions respecting it, etc., etc., his wishes and his ideas. But what concerns us now and here is the class of measures he is pressing. Whether they are intended or are fit to secure this desirable right—impartial suffrage. Every Abolitionist can remember how glibly Webster and Van Buren and Fillmore, yes, even Pierce and Buchanan could *talk* about their anti-slavery principles and how great an evil slavery was. Their *anti-slavery talk* left no mark on the history of their times. Their *pro-slavery actions* made this war possible. I call this to mind when men try to blind me to President Johnson's *actions* by pompous exhibitions of his *talk*. He may be honest in his talk; but the only thing that concerns me is, what will he do to make his *words* into *facts*. Are his actions making his words mere empty breath for the coming twenty years?

Gentlemen, I have talked of politics, and of civil rights—only of politics. But let me remind you of the wise counsel of the wisest of poets in politics. Still, says Wordsworth:

> "Endangered states may yield to terms unjust,
> Stoop their proud heads; but not unto the dust.
> Happy occasions are oft by sad mischance
> Forfeited; but infamy doth kill!"

We are on the verge of doing not only an impolitic act, but an infamous act.

You say the case is not desperate, even if Congress fails us. Many a time during the war the people saved us when Congress and the Administration also were wanting.—True. But, my friends, remember that we were then fighting for what may almost be called an *instinct*—Nationality. You might have then gone into the streets, you might go now, and tell the crowd "over there is an army marshalled to tear the flag in pieces and to divide the country." Forgetting sect, party, interest, life itself, the whole crowd rush with the madness of an insulted *instinct* to save their flag. No man so ignorant he could not understand—none so stolid he could not feel—none so selfish that he did not rise to a sort of angry patriotism. That day has gone. Men labor to impress on their fellow-citizens, what is hardly true, that all such danger is over. The South joins for the present with us in holding up our flag. The question now is one touching a *principle*—shall equal justice prevail. Some care little—others think "it surely will in time, and I need not trouble about it." Others still, confused by prejudice, really hesitate about the principle itself. Go now into the street and the crowd answers little to your call. If you want aid you must address the thoughtful, the just—the high-minded. The mass is all ready to be led—stand waiting like molten metal to take the right impress; but it is not on fire, and when its instincts were roused, that popular enthusiasm run mad on national honor might be relied on like a cannon ball and went as straight to its goal, no matter whether McClellan or Sherman, Davis or Lincoln stood in its way. This present readiness for right action, this cool conviction of duty, this public intelligence, confused by the lies of one leading journal and the twaddle of another, waits contentedly on Congress and the President; is led by them; wills its duty, but does not will it, Titan like, as people struggling for name, flag, and country. Hence we must expect no more such deliverance as when Sherman, at Lincoln's bidding, stood ready to surrender to the Confederacy, and ere his right hand could plight troth with Johnston's, a popular growl like a hundred Niagaras forbade the banns.

No, the South and Johnson are dragging us into the scenes of ordinary politics where, as history shows us in a hundred cases, the people are easily cajoled out of their wishes and rights.

I can never forget,—I never wish to forget, the long years I have been permitted to serve the negro race. The poor, poor negro, who never yet leaned on the word of a white man without finding it a broken reed, the thread of whose fate never mingled with ours without painting a picture of wretchedness, though of honor to him and infamy to us! (Applause.) We hide in our heart of hearts the names of men who hid the flag in closets—white men, who waited till the bright dawn enabled them to bring it to the light—I am speaking of such. But behind them stands the loyalist who worshipped the flag in the darkest hour in the market-place—stood with open hands full of welcome for the loyalist and Northerner, and died in the face of day for his patriotism. Have you no consideration for him? Then if not for him, for the men who drew their swords for an idea, for WADSWORTH, for LOWELL, for PUTNAM, for WINTHROP, for SHAW—(applause)—for the men who, like Lafayette, would have never drawn their swords had they not thought the hour was come for justice—for the brave and hapless victories at Port Hudson, for the heroes of Wagner and Petersburg—is there nothing for them?

Will you stand here and see the country lashed by wretchedness and infamy into a new civil war? Do you own a bank share? I warn you, Repudiation is behind the President's plan. Are you a merchant, and you count on trade, and think when the labor system of the South is finished, you will have a crop of cotton? Oh, no. You will have a harvest of blood!

San Domingo never took a life to free herself, but she deluged the island in blood down to the granite to resist re-enslavement! The negro has felt freedom, has used arms, and no matter what the cunning of the white man may be, there can be no quiet system of labor. If you want cotton, if you want the debt paid, if you want the honor of the country saved, button up in your selfish pocket no seven-thirties at par; the negro holds his hand on the neck of McCulloch, and he can strangle your finances, because the justice of God makes his fate the measure of your prosperity! The London *Spectator* says the confederate loan has gone up several dollars because men see in the plans of President Johnson the certainty that some project will be made for the assumption of the rebel debt. Europe looks across the ocean, in the eyes of John Stuart Mill, and says: "Beware! You tread on the very verge of national infamy! You are about to commit suicide!" But she looks across the water in the eyes of the Frankfort capitalist and the confederate bond-holder, and says: "Hurrah for the harmony of thirty-six States."

The Southerner, who stood by his President till he saved his life, while the North deserted the negro and left him to his fate, has a smarter chance of paying his debt than New York with all her cunning. Join hands' in that infamy, and as Wordsworth says, "it kills.' Wait till January—it is accomplished! Rise to-day to protest—it is idle! Rise to prevent it. Speak not even in the voice of our best man—our oldest Senator. The lips that could say even to Lincoln, "Reconstruct on the Declaration of Independence, or count me your enemy!"—The Charles Sumner—(applause)—who nobly, gloriously uttered that defiance to the President of March, was not permitted to say anything more at Worcester than, "Gentlemen, we may trust Congress."

Friends, my legacy is you can *not* trust Congress. My legacy is, you cannot trust Andy Johnson. My legacy is, you cannot trust the Republican party. If there is not something holier than party; if there is not something deeper than patriotism, the South is victorious to-day, and victorious for a dozen years to come. (Tremendous and continued cheering.)

Mr. Phillips was listened to by the very large and respectable audience, comprising the elite of the Boston Republicans, with the greatest interest, from beginning to end, and his remarks upon President Johnson were enthusiastically applauded, without an expression of dissent. At the conclusion of his lecture, which occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, he was congratulated by many gentlemen upon the stage.

PERSONAL.

The Richmond *Whig* says that John Mitchel has been released from confinement, and is expected in that city in a day or two.

It is understood that Gen. Terry, previous to his return to Richmond, received instructions to immediately commence the muster out of the troops on duty in his department.

Gen. Butler has arranged to reside at Washington during the winter. There is a rumor that he will go into the cabinet. He was recently expected to make a speech on negro suffrage at Washington, but postponed it from want of time.

The Chicago *Republican* enumerates as possible candidates of the Union party for the Presidency in 1868, Andrew Johnson, Gen. Grant, Sec. Seward, Charles Sumner, and Gov. Morgan.

A. H. Stephens, late rebel Vice-President, assured the President that he might hereafter rely upon him as a faithful and sincere supporter of the Government. Why not?

Joe Davis, brother of Jeff, has written a letter to an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau in Mississippi, demanding the restoration of his own and his brother's plantations, now occupied by a colony of freedmen. He declines to take the oath, and impudently threatens to take possession of the property without permission if it is not voluntarily delivered to him. Six thousand acres of land in Arkansas have been restored to Gen. Pillow, who has taken the oath.

Odd stories of the war are constantly coming to light. It is stated that when Gen. Bragg was in command at Augusta, Georgia, last winter, Jeff. Davis telegraphed to him "to hold the State at all hazards, stop up the roads, destroy the supplies, and crush Sherman." At the close of the dispatch the rebel President inquired: "What is your available force for this purpose?" Gen. Bragg promptly replied: "Five proclamations and one brigade."

Rev. Dr. William T. Dwight, of Portland, known as a very able preacher, died at Andover on Sunday. Dr. Dwight was the son of President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, and graduated at that institution. He practised law in Philadelphia at first, but afterwards felt called upon to become a minister of the Gospel. He was 71 years old at the time of his death.

Gen. Beauregard, on receiving the proof-sheets of the article on Jefferson Davis, which Gen. Jordan his (Beauregard's) Chief of Staff during the war, contributed to the October *Harper*, immediately wrote to the editor, requesting that it should not be published. This letter, dated New Orleans, closed as follows: "I am far from being one of his admirers or proselytes; indeed, I might have many things to say against his mismanagement of our national affairs while he was our Chief Magistrate; but we should never strike at a fallen foe when incapable of offering any resistance." Mr. Curtis, on receiving it, replied that the article was already in print, adding, it would not, however, have been withheld had his communication reached him earlier.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, October 23d, 1865.

A movement has been made in Boston from which great advantage may ultimately be expected, the formation of an "Association for the Promotion of Social Science." The subject having been discussed in some preliminary meetings at the Warren street Chapel, the Board of State Charities proffered their aid in the work proposed, and a meeting was called to assemble on the 4th instant at the Representatives' Hall in the State House, where, after full debate, an organization of the Association above named was effected.

The meeting was a large one, formed of gentlemen and ladies well qualified to consider the weightiest subjects, and assisted by gentlemen of distinction from various other States, one of whom came from Michigan for the purpose. Governor Andrew presided, and under his skilful administration, the work in hand was expeditiously as well as thoroughly performed. The draft of a Constitution, presented by an able Committee appointed for the purpose in one of the preliminary meetings, was discussed, article by article, amended and adopted; and a board of officers was chosen, Professor William B. Rogers of Harvard University being unanimously made President.

The purposes of this institution are similar to those of the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and the scope and value of them may be best understood by an enumeration of the subjects included in the four Departments into which its business is divided, namely:

1. Under the Department of Education, will come everything relating to the interests of Public Schools, Universities and Colleges; to Reformatory, Adult and Evening Schools; to Instruction in the Useful Arts; to Systems of Apprenticeship; to Lyceums, Pulpits, and the formation of Societies for the purposes of Public Instruction. In this department will be debated also all questions relating to classical, linguistic and scientific studies, in their proportion to what is called an English Education; and the bearing of the publication of national and patriotic memorials upon popular culture.

2. Upon the Department relating to Public Health, a very large proportion of the popular interest will naturally be fixed. All Sanitary and Hygienic matters will come before it, and what the Sanitary Commission has learned in the last four years, will be made available through its action to the people at large. The subjects of Epidemics, of the origin and spread of Cholera, Yellow Fever, and Eruptive Diseases, will be legitimately discussed here. It will consider all questions of Increase of Population; Vaccination; Ventilation of Public and Private Buildings; Drainage; Houses for the Poor; the Management of Cemeteries; Public Baths; Parks and Public Gardens; Places of Recreation; the Management of Hospitals and Insane Asylums; the Adulteration of Food and Drugs; all questions relating to the Duration of Human Life; Sanitary Regulations for the Army and Navy; and all matters of popular interests connected with medical science. We shall look to our ablest physicians and surgeons for contributions to this department.

3. Under the head of Social Economy we shall consider Pauperism *actual* rather than legal, and the relation and the responsibilities of the gifted and the educated classes towards the weak, the witless and the ignorant. We shall endeavor to make useful inquiries into the causes of Human Failure, and the Duties devolving upon Human Success. We shall consider the Hours of Labor; the Relation of Employers and Employed; the Employment of Women, by itself considered; the Relation of Idleness to Female Crime; Prostitution and Intemperance; Workhouses; Public Libraries and Museums; Savings Banks and Dispensaries. Here, too, will be discussed National Debt; the subjects of Tariff and Taxation; the Habits of Trade; the Quality of our Manufactures; the Control of Markets; the Monopolies in the Sale of Food, or the Production of articles of common use; the Value of Gold; and all questions connected with the Currency.

4. In the Department of Jurisprudence we aim to consider, first, the absolute Science of Right; and, second, the Amendment of Laws. This department should be the final resort of the other three, for when the laws of Education, of Public Health and of Social Economy are fully ascertained, the law of the land should recognize and define them all. Under this head will be considered all questions of the justice, the expediency and the results of existing statutes; including their administration and interpretation, and, especially, their bearing on Suffrage, Property, Privilege, Debt, Crime and Pauperism. Here, then, will come up the vexed questions of Prison Discipline and Capital Punishment.

The enumeration of these subjects, so important and so multifarious, relieves from indefiniteness the statement, which yet seems perfectly true, that the purpose of the Association is to collect all facts, diffuse all knowledge, and stimulate all inquiry which have a bearing on social welfare. Its members are expected to meet together to read papers prepared on specified subjects, conduct discussions in regard to them, and seek the assistance of those who have a practical acquaintance with reform, in reducing their ideas to practice.

We, old laborers in the Anti-Slavery cause, may legitimately take a high satisfaction in seeing, in one feature of this Association, the matured fruit from seed of our sowing thirty years ago. The working of that reform assured us of the high value of the cooperation of women on terms of equality with men, in all its branches. We believed in this doctrine, and therefore acted upon it. But a narrow sectarian theology set up its howl of protest, a clerical secession from our movement took place, our society was rent asunder, and a vehement discussion continued for years upon the questions whether it was right for women to speak in public meetings, and whether it was wise to make them officers of societies and members of committees. Our perseverance established these points in the affirmative, and gained for them the assent of the people of New England. And now we have the satisfaction to see, in the organization of this new Society—combining scientific with humanitarian purposes—women acting on the Committee which drew up the Constitution and classified the subjects of action of this Association, women participating in the discussions of its first meeting, and a woman made Director of one of its four grand Departments.

Some of the gentlemen from other States were particularly desirous to know whether this was to be a State or a National Association. The Committee which drew up the Constitution had designed to leave this point unsettled, and to allow future circumstances to decide it. The meeting, however, voted to call it, "The *American* Association for the Promotion of Social Science." Its annual meetings are to be held in Boston, unless some other place shall be specially designated.

Last week, at a meeting called by Messrs. Barnard and Babcock, the associate Ministers of the Warren street Chapel, it was voted to form, as a local society auxiliary to the above named Association, "The Boston Club for the Promotion of Social Science." The object seemed to be to have a less cumbrous and stately body, which could hold more frequent meetings for discussion and action upon the same subjects. Improvement of the sanitary condition of the city by way of preventing or preparing for a possible visit of the cholera, seemed the principal occasion for this movement. One of the principal speakers was Dr. Walter Channing, who gave his experience in regard to the five visits which this terrible disease has heretofore made to Boston, and his opinions in regard to the local circumstances which favor it. Cities and towns surrounded by fresh water, he had found, were most exposed to its attacks. Thorough drainings, fresh air, cleanliness, temperance, regularity of living, and quietness of mind were the best preventives of it. Dr. Channing and some other gentlemen mentioned facts tending to show that some localities in Boston are specially exposed to this disease, and urged immediate efforts to remove the nuisances which they described. A committee was then appointed to prepare a plan for organization, and report a week from that evening.

There was held also last week, at No. 14 Warren st., a sort of "house warming" to celebrate a considerable enlargement of the accommodations of the "New England Hospital for Women and Children."

This Association, incorporated two years ago in the midst of the embarassments and uncertainties belonging to the war, owes its success and its distinguished usefulness very largely to the assiduous cares and efforts of Dr. Zakrzewska, the Attending Physician, and Dr. Lucy E. Sewall, the Resident Physician. These ladies, who have had charge of the institution from the beginning, and with whom some of the ablest practitioners of Boston are connected as Consulting Physicians and Surgeons, must take the liveliest satisfaction in seeing their labors crowned with such a measure of success. Two houses united and appropriately furnished for their intended purpose, now give to great numbers of poor women the opportunity of getting the best medical attendance and nursing in a quiet and pleasant place, either gratuitously or at a very moderate expense, with the comfort of medical attendants of their own sex. The best society and the highest refinement of Boston were largely represented in the throng which filled the new wards last Thursday evening, examined the commodious and tasteful arrangements of the house, partook of the elegant collation provided for them, and left their contributions to enlarge the means of the institution. There have heretofore been plenty of female (as well as male) quack doctors. One distinction of the present day is that women of the highest intellect and the most thorough refinement seek and find the best means of education for the practice of the medical profession; and many of them now stand acknowledged, in science and skill, as the equals of their professional brethren. The world moves.

An important document is published in this morning's *Advertiser* by Mr. George L. Stearns, being the substance of the President's recent language to him on the subject of reconstruction. Neither Mr. Stearns nor the editor of the *Advertiser* is *satisfied* with the light thrown by this document on the President's ideas and purposes; but both seem gratified, and cheered in regard to the future, by this new piece of evidence.

The most significant sentences in this statement by the President of his own policy are the following:

"We must not be in too much of a hurry. It is better to let them (the Southern *whites*) reconstruct themselves than to force them to it; for if they go wrong the power is in our hands, and we can check them at any stage, to the end, and oblige them to correct their errors. We must be patient with them.

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"If I interfered with the vote in the rebel States to dictate that the negro shall vote, I might do the same thing for my own purposes in Pennsylvania. Our only safety lies in allowing each State to control the right of voting by its own laws, and we have the power to control the rebel States if they go wrong. If they rebel, we have the army, and can control them by it, and, if necessary, by legislation also.

* * * * * * *

"It will not do to let the negroes have universal suffrage now, it would breed a war of races."

It does not seem to me that these ideas (taken in connection with the President's action for two months past) authorize us to expect a right course from him in the future.

We shall *not* have the army to appeal to in case of further acts of rebellion. The President has already too much diminished it for that purpose, and a further disbandment is still going on.

It is *not* better to let men who are unwillingly giving up slavery reconstruct a white man's government. Both for local quietness and the general welfare, it is better to require those who have been rebels henceforth to submit to *be governed*, and to let the local self-government commence only when the loyal whites and blacks can agree together to carry it on.

Mr. Johnson repeatedly urges that the pardoned rebels (whose compulsory oath of allegiance will hardly have more power than the oath which they broke in commencing the rebellion) should be allowed to go on for the present in their own way, because he still holds the power to stop them at any point. The conclusion does not follow from the premise. What I doubt is not his power, but his will. The man who treats so many eminent rebels with respectful consideration and substantial favor, and shows such coldness and discourtesy to loyal black men as President Johnson did to the First Colored Regiment of the District of Columbia, in his speech to them the other day, is not a man to be trusted with the rights of blacks, or of whites either.

NORTH.

FROM SOTUH CAROLINA.

WHAT RECONSTRUCTION IS LIKELY TO BRING.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: Never were a people more united than are the white citizens upon reconstruction of the States and the negro. They all believe that disunion might have been, should have been, and sometime and somehow will be successful, but it being providentially otherwise, they concur and bide their time, as compelled to do, accepting—not unqualified Union, by any means—but "Reconstruction," on "Our Man's plan, "as the best alternative." They all believe "*The negro should have been differently constituted.*" But as the blunder is committed by the Almighty, and "the nigger is a nigger" as unalterably as if made so by Medes and Persians, and as their God-approved remedy for the blunder has been wickedly and unconstitutionally destroyed, and God seems to yield consent thereto, they cannot otherwise. However, they are not quite willing to allow "the nigger" to perish *suddenly*—as he certainly will if left in the state God placed him, for this would bring ruin on the white people of the South, who, of course are not made to till the ground. Hence, "as the best alternative," as the only condition "upon which the nigger can be retained in society at the South," even until Coolies, Irishmen, Dutchmen, and other white laborers, can be imported to keep this noble white race of Southrons from starvation, they have hit upon, discovered or otherwise invented, what they always knew to be equally good as slavery itself if not better—as it relieves the master of all responsibility for the sick and aged. It is *the* plan they have all along had in mind, but "from some sense of its necessity or some moral inability," they have kept partially concealed and "concurred in dissimulation," until now, *sure of their man* and encouraged "by the hopes of party triumph," they are prepared to "break the spell of illusion" and "*to speak of him* (the nigger) with a directness that is new and somewhat startling."

MORE WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT.

They boldly announced the only conditions upon which the negro can continue a participant in the industrial *pursuits and* prosperity of the country. "It is very certain that this country must be cultivated, and the only question is will the negro share in this, or must he be turned aside by others more ready for the work? And this article (the letter of the planter to Gov. Perry) indicates the conditions upon which he can be permitted to continue." "The planter, with many years' experience, is willing to take that class of labor upon the condition *he may be at liberty to apply when necessary*, THE STIMULANT OF PHYSICAL DISCIPLINE."

He says, "all of the negroes formerly owned by me have remained with me up to this time, and are anxious to return with me to planting. I also am anxious to employ them; but I cannot do so without other securities for order and the safety of my investment than will consist in the volition of this people. I cannot put myself and plantation in the hands of a people I may not be able to control. If the Government will legislate *to compel* the freedmen (anxious to return with me to planting) to contract for a crop and keep their contract till the crops are harvested, giving me the power in case the negro leaves his employer before the expiration of the time agreed upon, to apprehend and punish him humanely on the plantation, for the sake of example, etc.—then I—also anxious to employ them—am prepared to hire on liberal terms, from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred hands next year."

ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW SYSTEM.

The negroes are all anxious to work; he also is anxious to employ, but can't recognize the right, or see the safety of voluntary contract or free labor by the negro, so asks the Government to compel the negro to contract, give him back the blood-hounds to hunt up the fugutive, and the cowhide, paddle and all other instruments of *humane* punishment, that he may admonister the stimulant of physical discipline on the plantation, for the sake of example, etc. He would have the law made general. "Every negro or family of negroes not owning land, should be *compelled to make a contract* on the first of January for the ensuing twelve months; and, failing to do so by the first of February, should be then contracted for by authority for the rest of the year." Splendid! Formerly free negroes and vagrants were sold "by authority." Then the buyer could contract for them by the year, and the hirer had to pay a great price and support them if sick. Now all this "middle" process is out of the way.

Planters can make their own terms; if they are not accepted by the first of January, they will be directly enforced by authority. The labor will be obtained for one-half or one-fourth its former price; the sick, the young, the aged, the crippled, will take care of themselves, and those who stubbornly die under moderate "physical stimulants and humane punishment administered on the plantation, will be so much gain, especially when they disappear at the close of the year. Slavery changes in none. The master is free now, but "the nigger" is more a slave than ever, except that he is now free to have a month, instead of a week of "holidays," at the expense of losing the opportunity of *choosing* his master for the ensuing twelve months!

THE CONDITION OF NEGRO EXISTENCE.

The editor of the Charleston *News*, who has been all along hinting at this, but from some moral inability and with an eye to "political objects" has been using the negro for a blind, now boldly announces it as the only condition of negro existence in the South. He confesses that they are anxious to work, says: "the feeling of the employer towards them is not unkind. A feeling of attachment has survived all the shocks of the past six months; all remember the admirable conduct of the negroes through the war; all remember the individual instances of faithful service and devotion they have experienced; all admire even the conduct of the negroes amid the trials that have been upon them in the act of emancipation; and if it be important, as it unquestionably is, to preserve the negro—if that be possible*—it is incumbent on the Legislature to make provision by which he should be compelled to take employment and by which the employer shall be able to control him, and compel the performance of his obligations.

"If they can get the negroes upon the basis upon which they can be sure of the ability to control them, they will take them. If not they will take the kind of labor which they think will be susceptible of control * * and it is thus a question whether the State will preserve the negro, in spite of himself and the sentimentalism of the age, or let him perish."

THE POWER TO PUNISH.

These consummate hypocrites, in proposing the annual sale of negro labor, with power in the hands of the employers to control it by administering such summary punishments on the plantations as their experience has taught them to be best adapted to "the niggers," assume that their chief object is to preserve the negro, who cannot possibly, in a state of freedom, survive but a few years. You know how they have always claimed that they were the great sufferers by the "patriarchal system;" but as God had imposed it upon them they felt bound to make any sacrifices for the good of "the niggers." "The feeling of the employers toward them is not unkind." Their desire is to "save the negro in spite of himself and his friends;" to "protect him in his rights;" to adopt a "system of compulsory organized labor looking to the rights of both parties," in order that the negro may receive "the beneficial results of moderate (moderate in the slaveholder, Andersonville sense) corporal punishment, promptly applied on the plantation," and in order that "this country may escape the calamity which now threatens to overwhelm it, and the abolition of slavery may become a blessing to both the white and negro races." They reverse everything. Thus:

"God is wrong in making the negro as he has."

"All men are not created equal."

"Slavery and not freedom is the normal condition of some men."

WHAT THE NEGRO MAY HAVE TO SAY.

In the light of these assumptions let their expressions of friendship to the negro, their proposals for organizing labor and protecting the interests of the freedmen be interpreted. They are so utterly blind that, like the man lost in the woods, they see everything exactly reversed. Their idea of justice is injustice; their idea of protecting the rights of the freedman is to take all his rights from him; their idea of God is the devil; their idea of preserving slavery by making it the corner-stone of a confederacy destroyed it; their present idea of saving the country from "the heavy calamity which threatens to overwhelm it," will surely bring it about speedily if they are permitted to go on. They assume to know all about the negro, and they know nothing at all about him; they think they can drive him into submission as they do the mule—as they have done; that they can make him safe only by continued oppression. But they are piling fuel upon a volcano, and hastening its terrible outbreak. The negro is beginning to distrust even his friends and the Government that promised to give him liberty. The flag he has worshipped and fought under begins to lose its charms in his future prospects, and you may see him standing with clenched fist and inward gaze murmuring to himself, through half-closed teeth, *Vengeance!* When he who knows the negro character hears this, he is reminded of the rumbling murmurs of the volcanic fires that threaten the trembling earth. The pressure is getting heavy; smother the only vent and lie down to repose upon the slopes! In my judgment, as sure as the laws of God, if these States are not kept under the protection of the United States Government; if "Reconstruction" is consummated, two years will not pass before the storm of blood and fire bursts upon them. God spare us, but save justice at whatever cost.

Most truly yours, J. H. FOWLER.

* He has repeatedly affirmed that it is not possible to preserve the negro in freedom. Nor does he now contradict the assertion, for this is slavery.

Portions of Judge Reagan's letter to the Texans are published, in which he strongly

Miscellaneous Department.

KING SOLOMON'S MEDITATION.

FROM THE APPLE OF LIFE, BY OWEN MEREDITH.

Life is good; but not life in itself. Life eternal, eternally young,
That were life to be lived, or desired! Well it were if a man could prolong
The manhood that moves in the muscles, the rapture that mounts in the brain
When life at the prime, in the pastime of living, led on by the train
Of the jubilant senses, exulting goes forth, brave of body and spirit,
To conquer, choose, claim, and enjoy what 'twas born to achieve or inherit.
The dance and the festal procession! the pride in the strenuous play
Of the sinews that, pliant of power, the will, tho' it wanton, obey!
When the veins are yet wishful, and in them the bountiful impulses beat,
When the lilies of Love are yet living, the roses of beauty yet sweet:
And the eye glows with glances that kindle, the lip breathes the warmth that inspires,
And the hand hath yet vigor to seize the good thing which the spirit desires!
O well for the foot that bounds forward! and ever the wind it awakes
Lifts no lock from the forehead yet white, not a leaf that is wither'd yet shakes
From the loose crown that laughs on young tresses! and over the earth and the skies
Are cramm'd with audacious contingencies, measureless means of surprise!
Life is sweet to the young that yet know not what life is. But life, after Youth,
The gay liar, leaves hold of the bauble, and Age, with his terrible truth,
Picks it up, and perceives it is broken, and knows it unfit to engage
The care it yet craves.....Life eternal, eternally wedded to Age!
What gain were in that? Why should any man seek what he loathes to prolong?
The twilight that darkens the eyeball; the dull ear that's deaf to the song,
When the maidens rejoice that the bride to the bridegroom with music, is led:
The palsy that shakes 'neath the blossoms that fall from the chill bridal bed,
When the hand saith, "*I did*," not "*I will do*," the heart saith, "*It was*," not "*'Twill be*,"
Too late in man's life is Forever,—too late comes this apple to me!

THOREAU AND THE NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISTS.

From the North American Review.

[The following very remarkable paper is by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.]

WHAT contemporary, if he was in a fighting period of his life (since Nature sets limits about her conscription for spiritual fields, as the State does in physical warfare), will ever forget what was somewhat vaguely called the "Transcendental Movement" of thirty years ago? Apparently set astirring by Carlyle's essays on the "Signs of the Times," and on "History," the final and more immediate impulse seemed to be given by "Sartor Resartus." At least the republication in Boston of that wonderful Abraham a Santa Clara sermon on Lear's text of the miserable forked radish gave the signal for a sudden mental and moral mutiny. *Ecce nunc tempus acceptabile!* was shouted on all hands with every variety of emphasis, and by voices of every conceivable pitch, representing the three sexes of men, women, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagues.

The nameless eagle of the tree Ygdrasil was about to sit at last, and wild-eyed enthusiasts rushed from all sides, each eager to thrust under the mystic bird that chalk egg from which the new and fairer Creation was to be hatched in due time. *Redeunt Saturnia regna*,—so far was certain, though in what shape, or by what methods, was still a matter of debate. Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Bran had its prophets, and the pre-sartorial simplicity of Adam its martyrs, tailored impromptu from the tarpot by incensed neighbors, and send forth to illustrate the "feathered Mercury," as defined by Webster and Worcester. Plainness of speech was carried to a pitch that would have taken away the breath of George Fox; and even swearing had its evangelists, who answered a simple inquiry after their health with an elaborate ingenuity of imprecation that might have been honorably mentioned by Marlborough in general orders. Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody-else's business. No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitiably short commons sometimes. Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had an assurance of instant millenium so soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons.

Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. Men renounced their old gods, and hesitated only whether to bestow their furloughed allegiance on Thor or Buddh. Conventions were held for every hitherto inconceivable purpose. The belated gift of tongues, as among the Fifth Monarchy men, spread like a contagion, rendering its victims incomprehensible to all Christian men; whether equally so to the most distant possible heathen or not, was unexperimented, though many would have subscribed liberally that a fair trial might be made. It was the pentecost of Shinar. The day of utterances produced the day of rebuses and anagrams, and there was nothing so simple that uncial letters and the style of Dipsilus the Labyrinth could not make into a riddle. Many foreign revolutionists out of work added to the general misunderstanding their contribution of broken English in every most ingenious form of fracture. All stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything but themselves. The general motto was:

> "And we'll *talk* with them, too,
> And take upon 's the mystery of things
> As if we were God's spies."

Nature is always kind enough to give even her clouds a humorous lining. We have barely hinted at the comic side of the affair, for the material was endless. This was the whistle and trailing fuse of the shell, but there was a very solid and serious kernel, full of the most deadly explosiveness. Thoughtful men divined it, but the generality suspected nothing. The word "transcendental" then was the maid of all work for those who could not think, as "pre-Raphaelite" has been more recently for people of the same limited housekeeping. The truth is, that there was a much nearer metaphysical relation and a much more distant æsthetic and literary relation between Carlyle and the Apostles of the Newness, as they were called in New England, than has commonly been supposed. Both represented the reaction and revolt against *Philisterei*, a renewal of the old battle begun in modern times by Erasmus and Reuchlin, and continued by Lessing, Goethe, and, in a far narrower sense, by Heine, in Germany, and of which Fielding, Sterne, and Wordsworth in different ways have been the leaders in England.

It was simply a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken, though painted with images of saints and martyrs. Light colored by these reverend effigies was none the more respectable for being picturesque. There is only one thing better than tradition, and that is the original and eternal life out of which all tradition takes its rise. It was this life which the reformers demanded, with more or less clearness of consciousness and expression, life in politics, life in literature, life in religion. Of what use to import a gospel from Judea, if we leave behind the soul that made it possible, the God who keeps it forever real and present? Surely Abana and Pharpar *are* better than Jordan, if a living faith be mixed with those waters and none with these.

Scotch Presbyterianism as a motive of spiritual progress was dead; New England Puritanism was in like manner dead; in other words, Protestantism had made its fortune and no longer protested; but till Carlyle spoke out in the Old World and Emerson in the New, no one had dared to proclaim, "*Le roi est mort: vive le roi!* The meaning of which proclamation was essentially this; the vital spirit has long since departed out of this form once so kingly, and the great seal has been in Commission long enough; but meanwhile the soul of a man, from which all power emanates and to which it reverts, still survives in undiminished loyalty; God still survives, little as you gentlemen of the Commission seem to be aware of it—nay, may possibly outlive the whole of you, incredible as it may appear. The truth is, that both Scotch Presbyterianism and New England Puritanism made their new avatar in Carlyle and Emerson, the heralds of their formal decease, and the tendency of the one toward Authority and the other toward Independency might have been prophesied by whoever had studied history.

The necessity was not so much in the men as in the principles they represented and the traditions which overruled them. The Puritanism of the past found its unwilling poet in Hawthorne, the rarest creative imagination of the century, the rarest in some ideal respects since Shakespeare; but the Puritanism that cannot die, the Puritanism that made New England what it is, and is destined to make America what it should be, found its voice in Emerson. Though holding himself aloof from all active partnership in movements of reform, he has been the sleeping partner who has supplied a great part of their capital.

The artistic range of Emerson is narrow, as every well-read critic must feel at once; and so is that of Æschylus, and so is that of Dante, so is that of Montaigne, so is that of Schiller, so is that of nearly every one except Shakespeare; but there is a gauge of height no less than of breadth, of individuality as well as of comprehensiveness, and, above all, there is the standard of genetic power, the test of the masculine as distinguished from the receptive minds. These are staminate plants in literature, that make no fine show of fruit, but without whose pollen, the quintessence of fructifying gold, the garden had been barren. Emerson's mind is emphatically one of these, and there is no man to whom our æsthetic culture owes so much. The Puritan revolt had made us ecclesiastically, and the Revolution politically, independent, but we were still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and the glories of blue water. No man young enough to have felt it can forget, or cease to be grateful for, the mental and moral *nudge* which he received from the writings of his high-minded and brave-spirited countryman.

That we agree with him, or that he always agrees with himself, is aside from the question; but that he arouses in us something that we are the better for having awakened, whether that something be of opposition or assent, that he speaks always to what is highest and least selfish in us, few Americans of the generation younger than his own would be disposed to deny. His oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, some thirty years ago, was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, a scene to be always treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent! It was our Yankee version of a lecture by Abelard, our Harvard parallel to the last public appearances of Fichte.

We said that the "Transcendental Movement" was the Protestant spirit of Puritanism seeking a new outlet and an escape from forms and creeds which compressed rather than expressed it. In its motives, its preaching, and its results, it differed radically from the doctrine of Carlyle. The Scotchman, with all his genius, and his humor gigantesque as that of Rabelais, has grown shriller and shriller with years, degenerating sometimes into a common scold, and emptying very unsavory vials of wrath on the head of the sturdy British Socrates of wordly common sense. The teaching of Emerson tended much more exclusively to self-culture and the independent development of the individual man. It seems to many almost Pythagorean in its voluntary seclusion from commonwealth affairs. Both Carlyle and Emerson were disciples of Goethe, but Emerson in a far truer sense; and while the one, from his bias toward the eccentric, has degenerated more and more into mannerism, the other has clarified steadily toward perfection of style,—exquisite fineness of material, unobtrusive lowness of tone and simplicity of fashion, the most high-bred garb of expression.

Whatever may be said of his thought, nothing can be finer than the delicious limpidness of his phrase. If it was ever questionable whether democracy could develop a gentleman, the problem has been affirmatively solved at last. Carlyle, in his cynicism and his admiration of force as such, has become at last positively inhuman; Emerson, reverencing strength, seeking the highest outcome of the individual, has found that society and politics are also main elements in the attainment of the desired end, and has drawn steadily manward andd worldward. The two men represent respectively those grand personifications in the drama of Æschylus, Bia and Kratos.

Among the pistillate plants kindled to fruitage by the Emersonian pollen, Thoreau is thus far the most remarkable; and it is something eminently fitting that his posthumous works should be offered us by Emerson, for they are strawberries from his own garden. A singular mixture of varieties, indeed, there is;—Alpine, some of them, with the flavor of rare mountain air; others wood, tasting of sunny roadside banks or shy openings in the forest; and not a few seedlings swollen hugely by culture, but lacking the fine natural aroma of the more modest kinds. Strange books these are of his, and interesting in many ways—instructive chiefly as showing how considerable a crop may be raised on a comparatively narrow close of mind, and how much a man may make of his life if he will assiduously follow it, though perhaps never truly finding it at last.

We have just been renewing our recollection of Mr. Thoreau's writings, and have read through his six volumes in the order of their production. We shall try to give an adequate report of their impression upon us both as a critic and as a mere reader. He seems to us to have been a man with so high a conceit of himself that he accepted without questioning, and insisted on our accepting, his defects and weaknesses of character as virtues and powers peculiar to himself. Was he indolent, he finds none of the activities which attract or employ the rest of mankind worthy of him. Was he wanting in the qualities that make success, it is success that is contemptible, and not himself that lacks persistency and purpose. Was he poor, money was an unmixed evil. Did his life seem a selfish one, he condemns doing good as one of the weakest of superstitions. To be of use was with him the most killing bait of the wily tempter Uselessness.

He had no faculty of generalization from outside of himself, or at least no experience which would supply the material of such, and he makes his own whim the law, his own range the horizon of the universe. He condemns a world, the hollowness of whose satisfactions he had never had the means of testing, and we recognize Apemantus behind the mask of Timon. He had little active imagination; of the receptive he had much. His appreciation is of the highest quality; his critical power, from want of continuity of mind, very limited and inadequate. He somewhere cites a simile from Ossian, as an example of the superiority of the old poet to the new, though, even were the historic evidence less convincing, the sentimental melancholy of those poems should be conclusive of their modernness. He had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness, but exquisite mechanical skill in the shaping of sentences and paragraphs, or (more rarely) short bits of verse for the expression of a detached thought, sentiment, or image. His works give one the feeling of a sky full of stars—something impressive and exhilarating, certainly, something high overhead and freckled thickly with spots of isolated brightness; but whether these have any mutual relation with each other, or have any concern with our mundane matters, is for the most part matter of conjecture—astrology as yet, and not astronomy.

It is curious, considering what Thoreau afterwards became, that he was not by nature an observer. He only saw the things he looked for, and was less poet than naturalist. Till he built his Walden shanty, he did not know that the hickory grew in Concord. Till he went to Maine, he had never seen phosphorescent wood, a phenomenon early familiar to most country boys. At forty he speaks of the seeding of the pine as a new discovery, though one should have thought that its gold-dust of blowing pollen might have earlier drawn his eye. Neither his attention nor his genius was of the spontaneous kind. He discovered nothing. He thought everything a discovery of his own, from moonlight to the planting of acorns and nuts by squirrels. This is a defect in his character, but one of his chief charms as a writer. Everything grows fresh under his hand. He delved in his mind and nature; he planted them with all manner of native and foreign seeds, and reaped assiduously. He was not merely solitary, he would be isolated, and succeeded at last in almost persuading himself that he was autochthonous. He valued everything in proportion as he fancied it to be exclusively his own.

He complains in "Walden" that there is no one in Concord with whom he could talk of Oriental literature, though the man was living within two miles of his hut who had introduced him to it. This intellectual selfishness becomes sometimes almost painful in reading him. He lacked that generosity of "communication" which Johnson admired in Burke. De Quincey tell us that Wordsworth was impatient when any one else spoke of mountains, as if he had a peculiar property in them. And we can readily understand why it should be so; no one is satisfied with another's appreciation of his mistress. But Thoreau seems to have prized a lofty way of thinking (often we should be inclined to call it a remote one) not so much because it was good in itself as because he wished few to share it with him. It seems now and then as if he did not seek to lure others up "above our lower region of turmoil," but to leave his own name cut on the mountain peak as the first climber. This itch of originality infects his thought and style. To be misty is not to be mystic. He turns commonplaces end for end, and fancies it makes something new of them. As we walk down Park street our eye is caught by Dr. Windship's dumb-bells, one of which bears an inscription testifying that it is the heaviest ever put up at arm's length by any athlete; and in reading Mr. Thoreau's books we cannot help feeling as if he sometimes invited our attention to a particular sophism or paradox as the biggest yet maintained by any single writer.

He seeks, at all risks, for perversity of thought, and revives the age of *conceits* while he fancies himself going back to a pre-classical nature. "A day," he says, "passed in the society of those Greek sages, such as described in the banquet of Xenophon, would not be comparable with the dry wit of decayed cranberry-vines and the fresh Attic salt of the moss-beds." It is not so much the True that he loves as the Out-of-the-Way. As the brazen age shows itself in other men by exaggeration of phrase, so in him by extravagance of statement. He wishes always to trump your suit and to *ruff* when you least expect it. Do you love nature because she is beautiful? He will find a better argument in her ugliness. Are you tired of the artificial man? He instantly dresses you up an ideal in a Penobscot Indian, and attributes to this creature of his otherwise-mindedness, as peculiarities, things that are common to all woodsmen, white or red, and this simply because he has not studied the pale-faced variety.

This notion of an absolute originality, as if one could have a patent right in it, is an absurdity. A man cannot escape in thought, any more than he can in language, from the past and present, as no one ever invents a word, and yet the language somehow grows by general contribution and necessity, so it is with thought. Mr. Thoreau seems to us to insist in public on going back to flint and steel, when there is a match box in his pocket which he knows very well how to use at a pinch. Originality consists in power of digesting and assimilating thought so that they become part of our life and substance. Montaigne, for example is one of the most original of authors, though he helped himself to ideas in every direction. But they turn to blood and coloring in his style, and gain a freshness of complexion that is forever charming. In Thoreau much seems yet to be foreign and unassimilated, showing itself in symptoms of indigestion. A preacher up of Nature, we now and then detect under the surly and stoic garb something of the sophist and the sentimentalizer. We are far from implying that this was consciousness on his part. But it is much easier for a man to impose on himself when he measures only with himself. A greater familiarity with ordinary men would have done Thoreau good, by showing him how many fine qualities are common to the race.

The radical vice of his theory of life was, that he confounded physical with spiritual remoteness from men. One is far enough withdrawn from his fellows if he keep himself clear of their weaknesses. He is not so truly withdrawn as exiled, if he refuse to share in their strength. It is a morbid self-consciousness that pronounces the world of men empty and worthless before trying it, the instinctive evasion of one who is sensible of some innate weakness, and retorts the accusation of it before any has made it but himself. To a healthy mind, the world is a constant challenge of opportunity. Mr. Thoreau had not a healthy mind, or he would not have been so fond of prescribing. His whole life was a search for the doctor. The old mystics had a wiser sense of what the world was worth. They ordained a severe apprenticeship to law and even ceremonial, in order to the gaining freedom and mastery over these. Seven years of service for Rachel were to be rewarded at last with Leah. Seven other years of faithfulness with her were to win them at last the true bride of their souls. Active life was with them the only path to the Contemplative.

Thoreau had no humor, and this implies that he was a sorry logician. Himself an artist in rhetoric, he confounds thought with style when he undertakes to speak of the latter. He was forever talking of getting away from the world, but he must be always near enough to it, nay, to the corner-stone of it, to feel the impression he makes there. He verifies the shrewd remark of Sainte-Beuve, "On touche encore à son temps et très-fort, même quand on le repousse." This egotism of his is a Stylites pillar after all, a seclusion which keeps them in the public eye. The dignity of man is an excellent thing, but therefore to hold one's self too sacred and precious, is the reverse of excellent. There is something delightfully absurd in six volumes addressed to a world of such "vulgar fellows" as Thoreau affirmed his fellow-men to be. We once had a glimpse of a genuine solitary who spent his winters one hundred and fifty miles beyond all human communication, and there dwelt with his rifle as his only confidant.

Compared with this, the shanty on Walden Pond has something the air, it must be confessed, of the Hermitage of La Chevrette. We do not believe that the way to a true cosmopolitanism carries one into the woods or the society of musquashes. Perhaps the narrowest provincialism is that of Self; that of Kleinwinkel is nothing to it. The natural man, like the singing birds, comes out of the forest as inevitably as the natural bear and the wildcat stick there. To seek to be natural implies a consciousness that forbids all naturalness and always has its spring in a man's thinking too much about himself. "It is impossible," said Turgot, "for a vulgar man to be simple."

We look upon a great deal of the modern sentimentalism about Nature as a mark of disease. It is one more symptom of the general liver-complaint. In a man of wholesome constitution the wilderness is well enough for a mood or a vacation, but not for a habit of life. Those who have most loudly advertised their passion for seclusion and their intimacy with nature, from Petrarch down, have been mostly sentimentalists, unreal men, misanthropes on the spindle side, solacing an uneasy suspicion of themselves by professing contempt for their kind. They make demands on the world in advance proportioned to their inward measure of their own merit, and are angry that the world pays only by the visible measure of performance. It is true of Rousseau, the modern founder of the sect, true of St. Pierre, his intellectual child, and of Chateaubriand, his grandchild, the inventor of what we may call the primitive forest cure, and who first was touched by the solemn falling of a tree from natural decay in the wilderness silence of the woods. It is a very shallow view that affirms trees and rocks to be healthy, and cannot see that men in communities are just as true to the laws of their organization and destiny; that can tolerate the puffin and the fox, but not the fool and the knave; that would shun politics because of its demagogues, and snuff up the stench of the obscene fungus. The divine life of nature is more wonderful, more various, more sublime in man than in any other of her works, and the wisdom that is gained by commerce with men, as Montaigne and Shakespeare gained it, or with one's own soul among men, as Dante, is the most delightful, as it is the most precious of all.

In outward nature it is still man that interests us, and we care far less for the things seen than the way in which poetic eyes like Wordsworth's or Thoreau's see them, and the reflections they cast there. To hear the to-do that is often made over the simple fact that a man sees the image of himself in the outward world, one is reminded of a savage when he for the first time catches a glimpse of himself in a looking-glass. "Venerable child of Nature," we are tempted to say, "to whose science in the invention of the tobacco-pipe, to whose art in the tattooing of thine unregenerate hide not yet enslaved by tailors, we are slowly striving to climb back, the miracle thou beholdest is sold in my unhappy country for a shilling!" If matters go on as they have done, and everybody must needs blab of all the favors that have been done him by roadside and river-brink and woodland walk, as if to kiss and tell were no longer treachery, it will be a positive refreshment to meet a man who is as superbly indifferent to Nature as she is to him. By and by we shall have John Smith of No.—12, —12th street, advertising that he is not the J. S. who saw a cow-lily on Thursday last, as he never saw one in his life, would not see one if he could, and is prepared to prove an alibi on the day in question.

Solitary communion with Nature does not seem to have been sanitary or sweetening in its influence on Thoreau's character. On the contrary, his letters show him more cynical as he grew older. While he studied with respectful attention the minks and woodchucks, his neighbors, he looked with utter contempt on the august drama of destiny of which his country was the scene, and on which the curtain had already risen. He was converting us back to a second nature "so eloquently," as Voltaire said of Rousseau, "that he almost persuaded us to go on all fours," while the wiser fates were making it possible for us to walk erect for the first time. Had he conversed more with his fellows, his sympathies would have widened with the assurance that his peculiar genius had more appreciation, and his writings a larger circle of readers, or at least a warmer one, than he dreamed of. We have the highest testimony to the natural sweetness, sincerity, and nobleness of his temper, and in his books an equally irrefragable one to the rare quality of his mind. He was not a strong thinker, but a sensitive feeler. Yet his mind strikes us as cold and wintry in its purity. A light snow has fallen everywhere where he seems to come on the track of the shier sensations that would elsewhere leave no trace. We think greater compression would have done more for his fame.

A feeling of sameness comes over us as we read so much. Trifles are recorded with an over-minute punctuality and conscientiousness of detail. We cannot help thinking sometimes of the man who

> "watches, starres, freezes, and sweats
> To learn but catechisms and alphabets
> Of unconcerning things, matters of fact."

and sometimes of the saying of the Persian poet, that "when the owl would boast, he boasts of catching mice at the edge of a hole." We could readily part with some of his affectations. It was well enough for Pythagoras to say, once for all, "When I was Euphorbus at the siege of Troy;" not so well for Thoreau to travesty it into "When I was a shepherd on the plains of Assyria." A naive things said over again is anything but naive. But with every exception, there is no writing comparable with Thoreau's in kind, that is comparable with it in degree where it is best; where it disengages itself, that is, from the tangled roots and dead leaves of a second-hand Orientalism, and runs limpid and smooth and broadening as it runs, a mirror for whatever is grand and lovely in both worlds.

George Sand says neatly, that "Art is not a study of positive reality" (*actuality* were the fitter word), "but a seeking after ideal truth." It would be doing very inadequate justice to Thoreau if we left it to be inferred that this ideal element did not exist in him, and that too in large proportion, if less obtrusive, than his nature-worship. He took nature as the mountain path to an ideal world. If the path wind a good deal, if he record too faithfully every trip over a root, if he botanize somewhat wearisomely, he gives us now and then superb outlooks from some jutting crag, and brings us out at last into an illimitable ether, where the breathing is not difficult for those who have any true touch of the climbing spirit. His shanty-life was a mere impossibility, so far as his own conception of it goes, as an entire independence of mankind. The tub of Diogenes had a sounder bottom. Thoreau's experiment actually presupposed all that complicated civilization which it theoretically abjured.

He squatted on another man's land; he borrows an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fish-hooks, his plough, his hoe, all turn state's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilization which rendered it possible that such a person as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all. *Magnis Tamen excidit ausis.* His aim was a noble and a useful one, in the direction of "plain living and high thinking." It was a practical sermon on Emerson's text that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," an attempt to solve Carlyle's problem of "lessening your denominator." His whole life was a rebuke of the waste and aimlessness of our American luxury, which is an abject enslavement to tawdry upholstery. He had "fine translunary things" in him. His better style as a writer is in keeping with the simplicity and purity of his life. We have said that his range was narrow, but to be a master is to be a master.

He had caught his English at its living source, among the poets and prose writers of its best days; his literature was extensive and recondite; his quotations are always nuggets of the purest ore; there are sentences of his as perfect as anything in the language, and thoughts as clearly crystallized; his metaphors and images are always fresh from the soil; he had watched Nature like a detective who is to go upon the stand; as we read him, it seems as if all-out-of-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne; we look at the landscape as in a Claude Lorraine glass; compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's Selborne, seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac. He belongs with Donne and Browne and Novalis; if not with the originally creative men, with the scarcely smaller class who are peculiar, and whose leaves shed their invisible thought-seed like ferns.

A SALMON FISHING ADVENTURE.

Do you remember saying a salmon was as good as lost if he went over the Ess on the Findhorn at Relugas? writes Sir A. Cumming to St. John. A strong and active fish played me a trick last week, and contradicted your idea, by taking me down from Rannoch over the Fall, as far as the Pool above the Divie junction. The night had been stormy, with heavy rain, and although I expected "she" would "grow" in the course of the day, I thought that by an early hour I might get a few hours' fishing before the water came down, especially as fish very often take greedily *just before* a grow. I was at the river by four a.m., and commenced at Rannoch (Randolph's Leap). I found the water much as I left "her" the night before, small and clear, the only chance of fish being just in the white broken water at the throats of streams, or in the deep holes amongst the rocks. Rannoch is fishable only from one small ledge or bench, about two feet square and 25 feet above the level of the water, to which bench you must scramble down the face of the rock, and from this spot you fish the whole pool, beginning with the line as the fly comes off the bar of the reel, and letting out yard by yard till the fly is working in the "spoots" or narrow rapids, 80 to 90 feet down the stream. If you hook him you must play and kill him in the pool, *if possible*, your gillie clipping him on a small bed of gravel down below your feet, it being impossible to follow him if he takes down the water, from the small two-feet square ledge, without first ascending to the footpath, and redescending to the bed of the river; this you cannot manage with a fish on, owing to trees and projecting rocks. The pool is fished from the right bank.

Well, I rose him at my feet almost at the first throw, to a small fly about half an inch long; he came deep and shy three times, and refused to take it or any other. I guessed him at about 17 lbs. Leaving him to his own reflections after making an appointment with him for a later hour, I tried the pools above, hurrying along to the best spots in anticipation of the water rising. I worked till eight o'clock, keeping on the same fly described before. I had more than average sport, killing four good new run fish, viz., one of 12 lbs., one 10 lbs., and two of 9 lbs. At eight, the water beginning to grow, I reeled up, and rushed down to Rannoch to show my early friend another fly; but the water having fairly commenced to grow, I put on a fly above two inches long, and the tippet being triple gut, I, by an interposition of Providence, put on a triple casting line. Having cautiously descended to my stand, I showed it to him at once; he made small bones of it this time, and rushing up like a bull-dog, or like one of your lovely Peregrines, took the fly greedily. I just let him feel I was at the other end of the gear, and knew instinctively that the good steel was well into something firm. At first he seemed not quite to realize the situation, and after a few sulky and dangerous shakes of the head took to sailing steadily up and down the pool, once or twice approaching the rapids below, but turning again by gentle persuasion; these tactics he continued for nearly an hour, my man waiting for him on the gravel below, and out of my sight. By this time the effects of the last night's rain became fully apparent, the still, dark pool below my feet had turned into a seething pot, without a quiet corner for the fish to rest in, and the water had risen nearly twenty-four inches above its size when I hooked him. The *upshot* was, he *shot down* the narrows, and went rolling heels over head down the foaming "Meux and Co.'s Entire" (this being the usual colour of our summer floods). To stop him was impossible; I held on above the rapid till till I thought my good Forrest rod would have gone at the hand, and certainly the fine single gut I had on earlier would have parted with half the strain.*

All I could do was to give him what line he required until he found a resting-place behind some rock; this he did after rattling off fifty yards of line. Waiting some minutes till he seemed quiet, I threw off some ten yards more line, and turning the top of the rod up stream, I darted it down to my man on the gravel below, having cautioned him not to alarm the fish by letting the line get taut. To scramble up the rocks, and down again to the gravel bed, to resume possession of my rod, was two or three minutes' work, and just as I seized hold of it, the fish having ventured from his shelter, was, in spite of his efforts, hurried down at racing pace, taking more line than I liked, while I followed, crawling and leaping along some impossible-looking country, such as I would not have faced in cold blood.

By this time he had nearly reached the Ess or fall, and all seemed lost. I do not think he really intended going over; for when he felt himself within the influence of the strong smooth water, he tried his best to return, but in vain; over he went like a shot, and long ere I could get round some high rocks and down to the lower part of the fall, I had 80 or 90 yards of line out, and to follow him further on this side of the water was not possible, owing to the steep rock rising beside the stream. To add to the embarrassment of my position, I found, on raising the point of my rod, that in going over the fall the fish had passed beneath some arch deep under water, thus making my case appear very hopeless. But determined not to give it up yet, I sent my man up to the house of Relugas, where he found an old three-pronged dung fork and a garden line, with which we managed to construct a grapnel; and at the second throw in, I got hold of the line below the sunken arch; then fastening it to my right hand, I made my man throw the whole line off the reel and through the rings, and having drawn the remainder of the line through the sunken arch, and clear of the impediment, I formed a coil, and with my left hand pitched the end of it up to him, where he passed it through the rings again from the top of the rod, fixed it to the axle of the reel, and handed me down the rod to where I stood. From the long line out, and the heavy water, I could not tell whether the fish was on or not, but the line looked greatly chafed all along.

I now tried the only plan to end the business: leaving my man holding the rod, I went to a bridge some distance up the river, and having crossed to the other side and once down opposite him, he pitched the rod over to me; I felt that, if he was still on, I was sure of him, and reeling steadily up the 80 yards which were out, I followed down to the big round pool below, where, to my surprise, I became aware that he was still on. He made but a feeble resistance, and after a fight of two hours and forty minutes, we got the clip into as gallant a fish as ever left the sea—weight, 19½ lbs., and new run. The last hour and a half was in a roaring white flood. The fly was, as you may imagine, well 'chawed up.'—*Memoir of St. John.*

* *Memo., en parenthese*—I once asked several old sportsmen what weight was on the line at the very heaviest strain you could put on with rod in hand, as when holding on like grim death to an insubordinate fish, the end of the line being attached to the hook of a spring balance—*i. e.*, what weight the balance would register. One man guessed 35 lbs., another, laughing at him, said he would bet 20 lbs. to be nearer the mark; none guessed less than 15 lbs! The fact is, you cannot, with the best and strongest tackle, draw out more than 3½ or 4 lbs.

A RETROSPECT.

From the Athenæum.

A YEAR—a little year—ago, a part of the British public was invited by its teachers to believe that the American civil war was over. The two great armies of the North were said to be ruined. Gen. Grant, without a plan, but with a demoralized mob of armed men, was pictured as floundering in the mud of the James River, whence he would find it hard to escape from Lee, even with the loss of his stores and his artillery. Gen. Sherman having been drawn away from his base by Johnston, and being unable to hold Atlanta in the face of Hood, was described as breaking up his camp and flying toward the sea, in the hope, unlikely to be fulfilled, of finding shelter from the enemy in his ships.

Men who felt no objection to the rise of a slave Empire, and women who admired the chivalry of Preston Brooks, were incited by their teachers to kill the fatted calf and subscribe to the Confederate loan. Some people did as they were told. Clubs were jocose, and Capel Court rejoiced. Money poured in, and the prospects of the cotton loan improved. Yet to soldiers who paid a fair attention to events, it was already clear that the South was broken, and that its submission was but a question of details and of days. Lee was locked fast in Richmond, just as Floyd had been closed in Fort Donelson and Pemberton in Vicksburg, with no avenue of escape left open to him but such as led to capture and defeat. Sherman had split the Confederacy into halves, separating Lee from his supplies, and paralyzing Hood.

Of course the critics who prated about Grant being without a plan, and of Sherman being drawn into a trap, knew little of these great Captains; not even the facts of their campaigns during the current war. A soldier who had studied the strategy which led to the capture of Donelson and Vicksburg would have found nothing to perplex him in Grant's approaches towards Richmond. Ulysses Grant is a man of genius; a soldier of new ideas; one who will be found to have contributed fresh material to the art of war. With him a siege is a campaign. Instead of driving off the covering army from a fort or city, as old rules insisted must be done, before commencing operations against it, Grant manœuvers to keep the covering army near him, to throw it within the lines, to compel it to take a part in the defence, and to fall when the beleaguered fortress falls. This plan has the disadvantage of making a siege appear long, perplexing critics, who cannot see that the close of the siege is to be, under this new system, the close of the campaign.

At Donelson, at Vicksburg, Grant's plan was carried out; in each the covering army fell with the fortress, and in each the blow was final. The fall of Fort Donelson and its covering army put an end to the war in Kentucky and Western Tennessee; the fall of Vicksburg and its covering army opened the river Mississippi, never to be closed again by the Southern guns. Each campaign was final; not only sweeping away the army in the field together with the stores, guns, clothing, ammunition, but crushing in the catastrophe all sparks of rebellious fire. Where Grant had once been it was found impossible to raise a second rebel corps. The fighting spirit was subdued. And that which had been done by Grant in the States of Tennessee and Mississippi was now being done by him, on a larger scale and with a stronger enemy, in Virginia—was being done in precisely the same manner, and with precisely the same object. Grant had to weaken the Confederate army, shut it up within the lines of Richmond and Petersburg, and compel it to surrender when the capital fell.

Hence the battles which he fought on his way to York river; hence his refusal to assault the lines on his first approach. He was making a campaign, not simply conducting a siege. Davis had boasted that the war could be maintained, in Virginia alone, for twenty years after Richmond fell, but, like many other critics, he made the mistake of altogether misunderstanding Grant. This Captain knew his object and the means by which he could gain it. Richmond without Lee would have given him little; Richmond and Lee falling together would give him everything he wanted—victory, Union, peace. In spite of military and civil critics, his plans were crowned with a magnificent success. The war was finished at a blow, and the surrender of Pemberton was justified in the surrender of Lee.

Sherman, when we came to know him at all, was in some respects better comprehended by the critics than Grant had been. After Savannah fell into his power, all nonsense about his being drawn from his base and flying to his ships died out among us. The Horse Guards began to study his remarkable march; and the Duke of Cambridge went to preside at a meeting of the United Services to hear an explanation of it in detail. From that day forward, simply because we began to know him, Sherman became our hero of the war.

SOUNDS IN THE BRAZILIAN FORESTS.—The silence and gloom are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive and mysterious character which intensifies the feelings of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or a stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wilderness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often even in the still hours of midday, a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are besides many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeding silence to hiegthen the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the curupira, the wild man, or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain.—*H. W. Bates.*

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—We once heard a striking instance related as to the liberality and determination of the old "Iron Duke." A needy farmer being compelled by necessity to advertise his little tract of land for sale, his Grace's steward made an offer for it, which was accepted; and when the Duke, a few days afterwards, arrived from town, the steward acquainted him with the judicious purchase, flattering himself that he should be praised at having bought the farm so cheaply. "Cheap, sir," exclaimed the noble Duke, "cheap, sir! I want no man's land cheap. Let two proper persons be immediately appointed to survey and value the farm." Crestfallen and sorely disappointed, the steward returned to fulfil the directions, and at the next interview handed his Grace the report of the surveyors, by which the land was valued at several hundred pounds beyond the price previously agreed upon. This the Duke ordered to be immediately paid to the farmer, adding: "I can better afford to pay a fair price than the owner can to take an unfair one; and bear in mind I want no man's land cheap."

NORWAY WAYS.

From Campbell's "Frost and Fire."

IN September 1857.—"Landed at Roneidet about 3, and after getting food from its hospitable inhabitants, set off at 4 with a boy and a horse to carry my goods up the Justedal.

"The track follows the river, winding up a deep narrow gorge between enormous rocky hills. Here and there is a stony plain, the debris of a glacier, overgrown with trees but distant views there were none. I had to walk hard to save daylight. At the end of twelve long miles by pedometer, I found myself at a farm, and as I walked up I heard a fiddle. I thought that promised fun, so walked in and asked for quarters. I found four or five tall strapping young fellows—the best grown men I have seen in Norway—and a girl to match, sitting about a long table listening to the music, while the girl brushed her long frowsy locks with a carding comb. There was a general promise of fleas about the place, but I tucked my trousers into my socks, according to the old plan first learned in Greece, and sat me down with the family. It was dark outside, but a bright fire and a single candle lit up the wild unkempt heads nodding to the music.

"I asked for old Norse ditties, and got several. Presently a vast supper of porridge was produced, and the fiddle paused, while I smoked my pipe.

"Supper over, the fiddle began again. Presently one of the young giants in leather breeches sprang on the floor, seized the giantess who made the porridge, and began a polska. He trotted round the room, holding her hand, while she toddled after him. Presently the girl